

THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

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THE LADIES' FAIR!

THE Sanitary Fair is in the "full tide of successful experiment." An unwritten decree of divorce has gone forth through hundreds of homes without affecting in the least the general average of domestic happiness. It is a beautiful illustration of the "quality of mercy" that it reconciles husbands to the loss of their wives, and wives to the loss of their husbands for an indefinite period; makes the most fastidious of men content to exchange the sumptuous charms of the family joint for the frugal uncertainties of the French *cuisine* at Delmonico's and the clubs; leads the most devoted female votaries of the goddess of fashion to smile with pleasure upon their own images arrayed in a quiet uniform of black silk; reconciles the active and enthusiastic policeman to spend inglorious hours of ease on a covered platform amid ever-varying throngs of the young, the lovely, and the gay; subdues grave divines to mix like common mortals in the bus hum of men and women; opens the pockets of the prudent; charms the most dashing of bachelors into investing in pincushions, dolls, and embroidered pen-wipers. For one or two or three weeks to come, as may be, New York resolves itself into a grand committee of good Samaritans.

It were late in the day, perhaps, and certainly it were most ungracious now to inquire very sharply into the substantial claims of the Sanitary Commission upon the patriotic and the generous for exertions so strenuous and so sustained as those which have culminated in the stupendous show which now illuminates the metropolis. There can be no doubt that hundreds of thousands of brave and suffering men have received timely aid and priceless comfort from the ministrations of the medical missionaries of this Commission; and although the sums disbursed through their treasury should be counted by millions where they are now estimated by hundreds of thousands, it would be a shameful thing to grudge the "shaking of this superfluous" from the vast and steadily swelling increase of the national wealth, to relieve were it but a hundredth part of the misery which follows glory as the shadow follows the sun.

Many experienced officers of the army, it is true, maintain that with the good which the Sanitary Commission has done, and which but for it had been undone, not a little mischief has also been done which but for it might have been undone also. It is alleged that the knowledge of the existence of so extensive and effective an auxiliary hospital system has tended somewhat to relax the efforts and impair the usefulness of that regular hospital system of the army upon which in the long result the army must really depend for its health and comfort and efficiency. Nor is it in human nature that the most philanthropic of men and women should necessarily be of men and women the wisest. Half the sorrows of the

world, as we all know, are the work of well-intentioned people stretching their energies beyond the scope of their private and personal interests and duties to protect the rights and enhance the welfare of their neighbors. He is happy who cannot look back upon some great trouble of his life which either originated in or was aggravated by the injudicious interference of "friends" who meant to do himself or some one closely linked with him a great service and kindness.

But after all allowance has been made for those inevitable incidents of the active benevolence which all the world of New York is now conspiring to promote and to strengthen, the Sanitary Commission will live in the history of our times as a noble monument of the progress of human society in the spirit of mutual helpfulness and compassion and sympathy; and the "great New York sensation" of the hour is surely not destined to pass away like so many other "great sensations" before it, leaving us morally worse and weaker than it found us, by the inevitable moral reaction of an intense and overstrained emotion, out of all proportion to the motive by which it was generated.

Too many of our recent "crazes" have partaken of the temper of popular orgies. Froissart said of our English ancestors that they "took their pleasure sadly, as the manner of their nation is." We have been in the habit of taking our pleasure madly, as the manner of our nation is. The American system is strung to a higher key than the British, vibrates more intensely under a less forcible impingement, and subsides more rapidly, with a shock more deleterious because more sudden. When a public "sensation" among us is a thing of the senses only—a matter of the delight of the eyes and the pride of life—it can never be contemplated by the thoughtful without a certain tinge of regret; nor remembered even by the thoughtless without something like the feeling with which an aspiring young gentleman looks back upon his first wine-party from the hock and seltzer of the next morning.

In the sensation of to-day the heart and the conscience have their share; and their share in it is the salt which must savor to all time the recollections as it savors to-day the zest of the festival. In the name, then, of the heart and of the conscience—of the mercy which inspires and the generosity which sustains this glittering fabric of light and flowers and music and animation—we, one and all, without a murmur, bid God-speed to the "Ladies' Fair."

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

BYRON has been so long buried in the little parish church of Hacknall that he seems to the rising generation to belong to another age. Yet there died only the other day, in Scotland, a man who enjoyed reputation and eminence when the great poet was in the first flush of his early fame. In that pungent satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a certain contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* is thus alluded to:

"For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
The traveled Thane Athenian Aberdeen."

Let Aberdeen and Elgin still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of vertu,
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Misshapen monuments and maimed antiques,
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art."

The man at whom these shafts of ridicule were aimed was George Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen—the same Aberdeen who lived to witness the culmination of the young poet's celebrity, and to read of his death; and who himself, through the force of circumstance, aided by a shrewd cunning, a good education, and a polished address, managed for years to hold the proudest position a subject can occupy in the kingdom of Great Britain.

During the different phases of his long life, he was more

or less interested in the Reform movements and corn laws, Grecian independence and whig coalitions, the very names of which are suggestive of weariness and vexation of spirit. But when it came to greater things—when actual war was threatened, and when his word could have hastened or retarded it, he was insufficient for the crisis, and was by public opinion forced to resign a position to which he was only fitted in days of peace; for when the blast of war sounded in his ears, so far from imitating the action of the tiger and stiffening each sinew, he crouched and slunk away in fear and trembling.

Aberdeen was certainly a peace man—not from any particularly humanitarian views like Bright or Sturge, but from a chronic indisposition to battle—an indisposition heightened by a visit to the field of Leipzig shortly after the dreadful conflict. Besides this, his education and tastes led him rather to the refining arts of peace than to the bloody pomp of war. To him the pillars of the Parthenon had far more attractions than an army with banners, and he would have preferred to muse upon the heights of the Acropolis than on the field of Marathon or of Waterloo.

George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, was born on the 28th of January, 1784, and in 1801, by the death of his grandfather—his own father having previously died—became a Scottish peer. In 1804 he graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and founded an Athenian society, of which, by an affectation of exclusive and educated snobishness, no one who had not traveled in Greece could be a member; and it was this that elicited Byron's satire. He early attracted the attention of the members of the government, and in 1813, when but twenty-nine years old, was sent to Vienna as Ambassador, with secret instructions to use every effort to wean the Austrian Government from its alliance with Napoleon; and the success of this intrigue was the foundation of his subsequent diplomatic career. Two years later he again went to Austria for farther diplomatic intrigues of very little importance at this time. In 1828 the Duke of Wellington formed a cabinet, and made Lord Aberdeen his Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. He it was who brought about the early recognition of Louis Philippe shortly after the events of July, 1848. After a short retirement he was again called to office by Mr. Peel, who then came into power. In 1852 the Derby-Disraeli ministry fell, and Lord Aberdeen was made Prime Minister. Three years later, the Russian aggressions on Turkey aroused a strong feeling in England against the government of the Czar, and the English people called for war; but the Prime Minister responded so slowly that public opinion turned strongly against him. *Punch* mercilessly ridiculed the old Scotchman, and, yielding to the popular pressure—a pressure heightened by the disasters of the early part of the struggle in the Crimea—Lord Aberdeen retired from public life, and never after was prominent in the political world.

Such was the public career of the late Earl. His private life was that of a wealthy, scholarly gentleman. No scandal of any kind attaches to his name, but at the same time it will not be remembered for any special acts of benevolence or any deeds of daring. As a litterateur he is principally known in connection with his work on Grecian Architecture; for, like most English politicians of the educated and aristocratic class, he had a hobby, and it was Greece and its antiquities. The late Sir Cornwall Lewis had a hobby for Greek literature, and indeed there are few of the statesmen of Great Britain but have some pet study or theory to which they turn for relief from the anxieties of political life.

Lord Aberdeen had married two wives, both from the family of Abercorn, and leaves four sons and a daughter. He held various honorable offices connected with scholastic and art institutions—offices which require no work and bring no emolument, but may be filled by any one who has a good reputation and a nobleman's title.

The life of Lord Aberdeen is after all a very uninteresting one, and it would need a skillful writer, indeed, to make an account of it entertaining. Glancing back at his career, he seems to have never been a young man, for his first public appearance is as a Scottish peer, and his first political effort

that of a wily diplomat. He talked Greek and studied Grecian antiquities at an age when most young men are sowing their wild oats; and in early manhood was laying a snare for his mighty cotemporary Napoleon. During his life, Byron, Scott, Rogers, Tennyson, Browning are among the poets who have lived and sung. He has noted the rise of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer. He has heard as "fresh news" of the battles of Borodino, Leipzig, Eylau, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Inkerman, Balaklava, Magenta, Solferino, Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Shiloh, Chancellorville, and Gettysburg; the authors, the statesmen, the generals, the inventors of more than half a century, prolific in all, have been his cotemporaries, and most of them have preceded him to the grave—and yet he was scarcely eighty years old. These reflections, it is true, will apply to any person of that age; but then, it is only of a few like Aberdeen (who were at least celebrated, if not great) that all these noted personages have ever heard. Every one of these distinguished individuals knew the dead Earl by name, if no farther, and this fact seems to make him far more thoroughly their cotemporary than is the case with the hundreds of old men unknown to the world at large, who may die to-morrow, and whose life has spanned the same lapse of time.

PLAIN TALK WITH CONGRESS.

IT is time that Congress understood that the people are disgusted with it. Waiving the fact that hardly anything of importance has been accomplished during the four months that it has been in session, we prefer to take both the Senate and the House as we find them to-day. We shall speak more particularly of the House of Representatives, for it is in that body that the more important bills of necessity originate.

And how stands the case? Look into the House, and, of the members who ought to be there attending to the duties which they were sent thither to discharge, you will find barely a quorum present, and frequently not that. The absentees, too, are mostly those on the democratic side. And the few that are there are doing nothing. For some time past there has been under consideration a most important bill—that amending the National Banking act—and yet a glance will show that hardly ten men know or care to know anything about it. These ten do all the talking, and would doubtless do all the voting were not the rest compelled to vote on a call of the House. What could be more shameful? On the democratic side there are only two men who seem to take the slightest interest in the proceedings—Mr. Brooks, of this city, and Mr. Holman, of Indiana. Section after section is adopted in Committee of the Whole amid this disgraceful insensibility on the part of men who are elected to make the laws of this great nation.

We have a word for the delegation from this city. To speak plainly, it is a disgrace to the metropolis. Of the whole delegation, but two members so much as attempt to attend to the proceedings; and these are Mr. Brooks and Mr. Fernando Wood, and they do not always do credit to their constituency. Here is a case to the point. Last Friday the Committee on Commerce reported two most important bills, one establishing a new method for the admeasurement of vessels, and the other for establishing a new and uniform code of signals at sea. Each of these are of special interest to the metropolis, so large a portion of the business and wealth of which consists in commerce; yet both were passed as soon as read, without so much as a word from a single New York representative except Mr. Brooks, who simply inquired whether any merchants of New York city had been consulted in regard to the bill. Indeed, we doubt whether the other members from the city knew that such bills had passed until they read the official report of the proceedings in the *Globe*. And these are the men who have the effrontery to claim to represent this princely metropolis in the councils of the nation. In the House, as well as out of it, they are inane nobodies; on the roll their names read: Messrs. Benj. Wood, Chanler, Ward, Herrick.

More than this, the people are quite as much disgusted with what Congress does as with what it fails to do. Two subjects are the sole stock in trade of these brainless spouters, viz., slavery and states rights. No matter what be under debate, no matter how pressing the urgency of its settlement, there are sure to rise men who talk, talk, talk on these two subjects. Pray, sir, think you that the people care for your vapid phrases about slavery, state rights, and all that? Why, only a few days since, when the House were considering the banking bill, and laid it aside to gratify Mr. Thaddeus Stevens because one of its sections was likely to be amended, Mr. Ashley delivered himself of a harangue on reconstruction, intended for home consumption previous to the election in the fall! This is a fair specimen of the Thirty-eighth Congress.

Gentlemen of both houses, you have betrayed your trust; you are betraying it every hour that you refrain from at-

tending to the public business. Day after day, soldiers pass by the Capitol on their march to the armies of the nation, of which you are in an especial manner the guardians, and still you keep on uttering your balderdash. The sound of their tramp rolls down Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol, and the echo brings back word that Mr. Saulsbury is speaking by the hour on slavery; that Mr. Sumner is spouting buncombe over the grave of Owen Lovejoy; that Mr. Pomeroy is writing secret political circulars; that Mr. Garrett Davis is arguing that Massachusetts and South Carolina are the causes of the war; that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens is retailing stale slanders on General McClellan; and that others, too numerous to mention, are speaking for Buncombe! Sirs, is this the way to save the country? You talk much of sustaining the Government, of putting down this foul rebellion, but what do you do toward effecting these objects? Is patriotism a synonym for jejune phrases or finely rounded periods? The people are sick of your speeches. They read the reports of your daily proceedings with a sad heart—sad that you so dishonor the places which they chose you to fill as an honor to themselves and to you; sad that your love of country is so small that you prefer partisanship to patriotism.

There must be an end to this. Two months more remain of this session of Congress—time enough to do something for the country. Patience will cease to be a virtue soon. Congress may keep on talking, but the people will act, and their motto will be,

"Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands and not our tongues."

THE MORAL OF THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

IN commenting upon the result of the Connecticut election, the leading democratic organ in this city, the *World*, is forced to admit that, were an election to be held next week, every state in the North, save, perhaps, New Jersey, would cast its electoral vote for the republican candidate for the presidency. This is a significant admission, and is creditable to the candor of the journal making it. Nor can there be the slightest doubt of its truth. The loyal North, in spite of the manifest shortcomings of the Administration, is ready, and even anxious, to indorse Mr. Lincoln, and continue him and his associates in power for another four years.

For this very general feeling there are several obvious reasons. In the first place, it cannot be denied but that the military and civil conduct of the Administration has, on the whole, been remarkably successful. It is, perhaps, true that more politic rulers might have prevented the war, and a wiser military head would have ended it ere this, but no system of government has yet been devised by which the most worthy and wisest alone can be called to the conduct of affairs when a great emergency demands them. We believe impartial history will have a good word to say for even the impulsive Stanton and the unimpeachable Welles. Other presidents, people argue, might do better, but Mr. Lincoln is safe if not brilliant, and he certainly can be trusted not to do violence to our form of government, which, after all, is the great danger to a republic in war times.

The most potent influence, however, at work is the fear that the democratic party, if restored to power, would do what it could to save slavery, whereas the great majority of the Northern people have determined that that institution shall die the death. There is not rain enough in the sweet heavens to wash out the guilt of slavery so as to make it again tolerable to the people of the North. All feel that it has been a disturbing element in our politics, and that now is the time to make an end of it. Other things being equal, we believe that the country would prefer a democratic to a republican administration. The former party has been noted for the boldness of its foreign policy and for the conspicuous energy and ability of its leaders, and there is nothing that would prevent its return to power but its unfortunate relation to slavery.

If the coming military campaign is only reasonably successful, however, there can be no doubt of the result of the next presidential election. The republican candidate (Mr. Lincoln himself, in all probability) will be successful. The only hope for the democrats is in a crushing defeat of the national forces and another failure to capture the rebel capital. If the national hopes are again to be cruelly disappointed, there is no telling what erratic course public opinion may take. It is, however, the peculiarity of the position of the democrats that their chances of success in the political canvass are dependent upon the defeat of the Union forces in the field. This, if not their fault, is certainly their misfortune. It of itself arrays against them the instinctive loyalty of the country, and puts them in a false position. We look forward, therefore, to another four years of republican rule, because we hope and believe that the coming campaign against the rebellion will be successful, and, we fervently pray, final.

HOW TO MAN OUR NAVY.

ONE of the most important matters relating to the equipment of a great navy is developing itself at our doors just now. The Government has probably two hundred war-ships in commission, of which about forty stand in need of immediate repair. The crews of these have performed their contract with the Navy Department and expect to be discharged. As we write, hundreds, nay, thousands, of human eyes may be strained in the shadows of a Southern sun, watching a speck on the horizon, lest it should be the returning ship. For once the illegal trader pales its ineffectual fires beneath those weary glances. Home, sweet home, is the prize wanted by the weary seaman. But the defective steamer must steam on, and the rover remain abroad. Vessels are plenty with us at home, but men are so scarce that replacing others on duty is impossible. Of what use are ships without the living soul to command and the ready hands to obey, says De Joinville? One hundred craft, besides the vast number accumulated by us, could easily be concentrated at our navy yards in a few weeks, if necessary; but the crews of fifty could not be obtained by any effort of the nation. Marines may use muskets, and landsmen can work guns, but only the seaman can furl and reef. The prophecies which were made when steam first came to be extensively used, to the effect that seamanship would ere long be useless, were nonsensical. Why is our supply of mariners so abruptly stopped? Let us go back a little and inquire.

On the 1st of January, 1860, there were some forty United States naval vessels in commission. These were manned by about 8,000 sailors and marines. The exigencies of war rendered it necessary to increase this force. In two years it was quadrupled, there having been enlisted during that time nearly 30,000 men. Once raised to this figure, recruiting became slow work. There may be 50,000 seamen, marines, and others now attached to our national ships—no correct figures are accessible—but the wants of the service do not cease, and its resources are exhausted. Measures which were taken to induce nautical men to enlist, such as the two years and the one year regulations, are now found to have been fatal errors, because the terms of service of our most useful hands expire when we need them most. The chief causes of this embarrassment are: want of system in providing sailors, extreme imprisonment on board ship, bad faith of the Navy Department, and the presence of ball-liners on the quarter-deck.

The first-named difficulty is greater than all the others. If there had been no Alabamas or Floridas, it would be fatal to us, because thousands of men who have enlisted would, for many reasons, remain in our merchant vessels, now driven off the ocean. We have no method of preparing a force for the navy. Recruiting may do well in times of peace; in war time it will give us 50,000 men, and no more. If this number is too small, evil consequences must ensue. We should have a reserve, and some training-ships for boys. It is not our intention to discuss the various methods of providing these. The best one should be adopted, and that speedily. Depriving men of liberty on shore makes the war-ship a prison. Cases have come to our knowledge where men have been kept eight and ten months confined within the wooden walls of a small steamer. Besides destroying the morals of the sailor, this incarceration weakens his frame, and deprives him of the good results of exercise on shore. This evil also should be removed. The Navy Department of the United States has always broken faith with seamen. When two years were to be the extreme limit of cruising, vessels were kept out four years; and now men who enlisted for one year are told that they cannot come home till others replace them. That may be in two years. Will men thus trifled with go back to the service? The knock-down propensities of the packet-ship have gone into the navy with the volunteer officers. Temper and prejudice run riot too often, and we are feeling its effects. If these obstacles to the procurement of sailors be not overcome by wise legislation and liberal administration, our wealth in ships and timber and metal will not help us much on the ocean. So much for our method.

The English method resembled ours for years. Recruiting was expected to provide men. It failed when the famous Baltic and Black Sea expeditions were fitted out, half the ships wanting large numbers of their proper complements, and many being left at home for want of hands. A reserve was thought of, and also a coast guard. The former was to have been raised to 60,000 men, and the latter to about 10,000. After years of industrious efforts, however, the reserve does not number more than 16,000, and the coast guard not more than 7,000. But Colonel Sykes, a few days since, in the British Parliament, stated that there were 85,000 men in the navy, excluding the coast guard. It may be well for American readers to know that these figures include marines, dock-yard laborers, established workmen, and hired laborers. Colonel Sykes did not say so, and it is quite likely that he did not know it, but it is nevertheless a fact. In 1860 the estimates gave 70,555 men as the personnel of the navy. Members of Parliament took it for granted that they were all sailors; but the heavy statistical records accompanying the estimates, which nobody ever reads, thus accounted for the force:

Seamen, including 3,500 coast guards	34,400
Boys	6,100
Marines	13,000
Superintending officers of dock yards	479
Established workmen	10,850
Hired workmen	1,365
Factory laborers	2,361
Total,	70,555

As England would want over 150,000 seamen to man her entire fleet, there is little chance of its being fully supplied in this century, even supposing that the reserve and the coast guard were, at some future period, successfully increased to the estimated strength. If we should enumerate our dock-yard laborers during election times, the world might shudder at our force of "seamen." England's method is susceptible of great improvement.

France alone has the power to man her entire squadron in a very short time. In that country there is a maritime conscription which always insures a given number of men. There is also a force called the "*equipages de ligne*," which constitutes the reserve. It is divided into five parts, one each being apportioned to Brest, Toulon, Cherbourg, Lorient, and Rochefort. Its last official statement of this force which we have seen puts it at 84,000. Besides this there is the *corps de l'artillerie de la marine*, which consists of trained seamen and artificers, and numbers some 10,000. The "*matelots canoniers*," a body of about 5,000, are incorporated with the *equipages de ligne*. Then there is the *infanterie de la marine*, a corps resembling our marines, of about 28,000. But, recurring to the inscription proper, we find that it yielded in 1860, 160,000, which would be sufficient to enable Napoleon to equip all his vessels immediately, if that step were expedient. Of course the 160,000 could not be all available at once, but so much of that number as might be mustered in a few days, together with the other bodies mentioned, would suffice to furnish crews for every ship which the constructors and repairers could fit out. In fourteen days some 16,000 men were easily dispatched to China, and 11,000 more were gathered together in another week, lest they might be needed.

With these facts before us there is no difficulty in discovering that France, by system, is able to counteract the superior resources of England and America, either of whose maritime population is many times larger than hers. It is not too late for us to regulate matters, and to develop the means which we have at command of obtaining sailors to guard our commerce and uphold our honor on the deep.

WANTED—A NATIONAL ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

ABOUT a year ago an act was passed by Congress incorporating a National Academy of Sciences. The body which so suddenly sprang into existence met and duly organized, and has commenced the work which becomes it and which was laid out for it by the government. But it has seemed to think that its objects of investigation lay only in the physical and mathematical sciences. This was perhaps intended by the very selection of its members, and it has been more plainly shown by the sections into which the body divided itself.

At length, after the lapse of a year, and after the Academy of Sciences is fully organized, the New York Historical Society proposes that another academy be formed—an Academy of Letters. This is with the view of representing in a national institution the interests of literature at large, and especially of taking care of the language of the country. This is all very well, but does it go far enough? History as a science, as distinct from literary composition, is still unrepresented, and it would be desirable to have some national society which should care for the materials of the national history, preserve them, and publish them. The political sciences are not represented; the fine arts are not represented; and why should not the nation show that it was desirous of aiding and encouraging them by honor as well as by mere individual patronage?

We need a National Institute, of which the Academy of Sciences and the proposed Academy of Letters shall be parts. There might be also an Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, or, better, of Philosophy, and an Academy of the Fine Arts. Let each consist of a like number of members, eminent in their respective branches, and we shall have an organization which will be destined to reflect honor on the government which called it into existence. It is not, however, necessary that such an institute be of any expense to the government. There would be no use of paying its members a stipend, for they would be willing to serve without. But it would be well to pay the actual expenses of the meetings, and, as the country is so large, also the actual expenses of attendance upon the meetings. This, while it would be a trifling burden, would secure a full attendance. Funds would without doubt be provided in time, which would maintain prizes, and give greater powers of making researches and publishing results.

We hope that the committee of the Historical Society will do something with their proposition, and put it in practical shape; and we hope that, if anything is done, a complete organization will be effected. An academy of letters is better than nothing, but an institute comprising the whole circle of human knowledge is still better. We may, if this be carried farther, at some other time speak of the mode of organization and practical workings of such an institute.

BEFORE THE FAIR.

I SAT at the Maison Dore,
Where, of course, it's my habit to dine,
Between the soup and the fish,
Slowly sipping the just-opened wine;
When I saw, at a table near by,
A man with disconsolate air,
Who played with his knife and his fork,
And muttered, "The Fair, O, the Fair!"
He was forty, or more, I should say,
And very well off in the world:
Got up in the very best style,
With hair, or a wig, that was curled!
But his clothes were rather awry,
And somewhat neglected his hair;
He looked like a picture of woe,
As he groaned o'er the terrible Fair!
"It is three—months, or years, who can tell?
Since that shadow came over my life:
Before, I was happy at home,
For I basked in the smiles of my wife!
When I opened my door at the dusk
She was always a-waiting me there;
There we parted at morn with a kiss—
But never a kiss since the Fair!
"From the moment 'twas talked of, she changed,
(A sad case of Fair on the brain!)
She shut her piano at once,
And it hasn't been opened again;
Bought—ribbons, I fancy, and silks,
Or flannels, for soldiers to wear:
It mattered not what, so 'twould sell,
As it must, for 'tis hers, at the Fair!
"What hasn't the dear creature made!
Pincushions, pen-wipers, what not:
Work, work, till her fingers were stiff,
And her temples were throbbing and hot!
Before I was up in the morn,
And at night, bolt upright in her chair,
Plying needle and thread, while I was abed,
Disturbed with a dream of the Fair!
"My buttons dropped off, one by one.
And my collars grew stringless and frayed;
When I mentioned the fact to my Lou,
She referred me, alas! to her maid,
Who was busier, much, than herself,
Making—ponade, I think, for her hair;
So, I've pins in my collar and cuffs,
And all—through this terrible Fair!
"And Committees—she's on 'em by scores,
On trophies—on pictures—on all;
My Church and my Kennett are gone,
She hasn't left one on the wall!
She writes, too, to authors and poets,
(Poor devils! I never could bear!)
Begging just for a line of their works—
Which she means to sell at the Fair!"
He buried his face in his hands,
Till the *garçon* came up with his steak;
Then he poured out a bumper of wine,
"Well, this isn't bad now to take!"
And it wasn't—it did the man good,
Or perhaps 'twas the steak—it was rare;
However this be, all was well,
For I saw him that night at the Fair!

SHAKESPEARE'S FAME IN GARRICK'S DAY.

GARRICK'S restoration of the genuine Macbeth to the stage was felt to be a marked movement in the right direction. It was a trenchant blow at the prerogative of the vampires; and the run of favor that it served to direct to the unpolluted text had its advantages with the new editor that was now announcing himself. He was a gentleman of rank that had figured in Parliament, but had before this left the more stirring scenes of political life for the quieter pleasure of literature. Sir Thomas Hanmer employed the Oxford Press with the taste of a connoisseur, but his critical pen was nearly as presumptuous in his arbitrary emendations as Pope's had been. Hayman's designs added to the splendor of the edition, and it passed into the more popular octavo form the next year (1745), and two years later into a still handier shape.

A certain fair-complexioned, gray-eyed young student of the University made Sir Thomas's venture the subject of a poetic epistle, in which the most jealous of Shakespeare's fame could hardly have said more:

"But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength,
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And e'en a Shakespeare to her fame be born."

And when the author of this eulogium, William Collins, came to London with his genius and his indolence, hardly yet turned of twenty, to settle down in a life of literature, and, though clad in fine clothes, with feather in hat, without a guinea in his pocket, this same epistle to Hanmer secured him the friendship of Garrick, and introduced him without much advantage to the circles of the Bedford, thenceforth to be one of the self-instituted judges of that locality upon every event of dramatic importance. There

was another of these hangers-on of the coffee-houses just now, who was thinking to ride into notice upon the crupper of Shakespeare's Pegasus. He was a fellow that assumed his foppish air as easily as any character-monger could, basking in the sunshine of credit with his tailor and the tradesmen because of his father's recent death; but when a course of extravagance had led him once more to his goal, and bagwig, solitaire, sword, muff, and rings went the way of a spendthrift's finery, he fell back as readily as he did everything else upon his wits, could play umpire at the coffee-houses to perfection, and take a little provoking delight in depreciating the new young actor. "The hound has something clever, I grant, but—," and thus he always ended with a *but*, be it in favor of Colley Cibber or of himself. So just now, at his wits' ends for a livelihood, Samuel Foote was very anxious to show how Shakespeare should be interpreted, and, joining Macklin's company in the Haymarket, he boldly undertook his task in promising Othello, a part Garrick had not yet attempted. The great stroke anticipated was in newly costuming the part, which had been played heretofore in an English officer's uniform, and Macklin was anxious to follow up the innovation he had made in this respect in Shylock. However great the promise, Foote made a complete failure, and what Shakespeare lost was recompensed in the new line of personal comedy that he was not long afterward to strike out and connect his name permanently with.

Early the following year there were indications of a new Shakespearean interest. Cibber had long since taken up "King John," and, not finding it to correspond with his notions of a play, he had somewhat transformed it into what he called "Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John." The threatened invasion of the Popish Pretender had agitated the popular mind into a fit state to be gratified with the most virulent denunciation of Romish interference; and this was not an occasion to be lost by so time-serving a playwright as Cibber, who accounted the resentment that Shakespeare's John had shown to the Nuncio as not equal to the emergency. He took care that his king should not be wanting in that respect, and Quin's was a mouth to roll it out to his liking. Not so pleasing to him was Mrs. Pritchard, for she failed to give him, in Constance, the conventional tragic tone that he doted upon. As for the bastard, it mattered little who played it, for he had flattened that lively personage into the completest insipidity. Now that Alexander Pope was dead, and could no longer sneer at the play as he had done nine years before when it was first put into rehearsal, and seemingly that he might not want the stimulant of abuse (for abuse had done good things for Colley), he took the part of Pandolph, the cardinal's nuncio, himself, and with almost toothless gums withheld his intonations to the orchestra, for few others in the house could hear him, while this physical imperfection soon warned him to take his final leave of the public. Forty years ago and more Cibber had begun his connection with Shakespeare in fashioning the "Richard" which has come down to our day, but his work upon "King John" was not destined to such perpetuity. The feeling was too strong against this tinkering process to give it an initial success even. Fielding had but just been throwing sarcasms upon such attempts in one of his plays at the Haymarket. A manager is represented as cutting down "Othello" for some temporary purpose by omitting the fifth act, and even on demand of a pantomimist throwing the first likewise after the other!

But Garrick was determined upon a more practical satire. The original "King John" of Shakespeare had not been upon the prompter's list for a hundred and twenty years, and he determined to place it there. He was courteous enough to the old actor to defer its run till Cibber had had his benefit from the spurious play, and then he considered the field a fair one. We will not stop to portray Garrick's delineation of the king. There were but parts of it in which his stature was not an obstacle to success, and he never played it after the present season but he succeeded in putting it permanently in the repertoires. Garrick's text was closely Shakespeare's, but later managers have somewhat improved upon it by restorations.

Garrick was now ready to attempt what Foote had failed in, and he found the stage copies of "Othello" in a greater degree of purity than is usual. He went into it with some misgivings, not of Foote's rivalry certainly, but of Quin, who had established a powerful reputation in the part. It was another instance in which his action must be greatly tasked to amplify his figure to stand comparison with Quin's; and he feared the blackening of his countenance, as usage prescribed to the character, would deprive him of the advantages from his facile expression, upon which he relied to offset the older actor's remarkable declamatory powers. His future was as in "John"; in some parts of it he commanded admiration, but he was thought to fail frequently, chiefly from endeavoring to be as unlike Quin as possible. He took, however, Macklin's hint and discarded the uniform of a captain of the Foot Guards, which had been always the prescribed costume, and substituted the looser vestments of a Moorish officer, by which his figure gained in a measure. The innovation elicited, however, Quin's sarcasm. "That little fellow the Moor Othello!" cried the old stager; "he's nothing but Pompey without the tea-kettle," alluding to a

little page in one of Hogarth's series of plates, just then published. The bon-mot spread about the town; Foote repeated it; a dozen laid claim to it; and Garrick played the part unasily. A repetition this season, and a single performance the next, seem to have been the only times he ever ventured it upon the London stage. That he might have continued it but for the unexpected excellence of Barry in it, is probable, but at a later period, when he had less fears of a rival, a sense seemingly of his own insufficiency weighed in his deliberations about reviving it. So cognate were the powers of Garrick and Kean that we cannot but think, had he given persistent endeavor to the part, he might have attained as great eminence in it as his successor.

Garrick's last season as an actor under managerial control (1746-7) was that famous one in which he and Quin played the final game for supremacy. They played on alternate nights their respective parts, Garrick frequently relying upon his prominent Shakespearean characters, and gaining the palm constantly. The case was altered, however, when they confronted each other in the same Shakespearean scene. They first thought of Julius Caesar for the contest, and Garrick made a study of Cassius, going to Bayle for a conformation of Shakespeare's precipitate partisan. That the trial was not made has been charged upon Garrick's insurmountable dislike to incumbering his slight figure with the toga, or upon his dread of the other's acquiring supremacy in the deliberate air of that rutable philosopher Brutus which Quin had long been master of. Garrick did, however, commit himself to another cast still more fatal, and that was Hotspur to Quin's Falstaff. Had the conduct of the play brought the two together, Garrick could have hoped to make the boisterous valor of this Mars in swathing clothes a striking contrast to the easy complacency of Falstaff; have set his spleen obstinacy against the other's merry whims; the hot and testy haste of his "speaking thick" against that mellow oiliness of tavern humor; while the irascible trick of one who professed not talking might have found a foil in the voluble self-satisfaction of the roisterer. Unluckily, the two were distinct centers of interest, and Quin knew that he could lord over his scene as Hotspur could not in the other sphere. And such proved the case; for "the comic world in one," as Garrick classed the knight, was too much to be disputed for prominence within his own play.

The next year was the first of Garrick's long career as a manager, and in deferring a consideration of that step in its relation to Shakespeare's fame till another week, let us now look into the bibliography of the subject just at this juncture. It was coincident with the twelfth collated edition of the plays (1747), which it had been Warburton's care to base upon the labors of Pope, while in the same year, being reprinted in Dublin, it marked the first attempt to establish in this way his fame out of England.

Warburton sent a presentation copy to Garrick, and we suspect the actor's eyes must have widened at the monstrous assurance of the man. The churchman was an adept in calling names, and got angry in a way Shakespearean commentators have emulated since. Nothing could be more wretched than Theobald's and Hanmer's work in his opinion, and as for Shakespeare, owing to the printer's carelessness, he was little better, and nothing was wanting but Warburtonian aeration to set matters right. "The great dramatist," he said, "had struggled into light so disguised and travestied that no classic author, after having run ten secular stages through the blind cloisters of monks and canons, ever came out in half so maimed and mangled condition," while "the stubborn nonsense with which he was incrustated occasioned his lying long neglected amongst the common lumber of the stage." Such was the man who rendered Pope's confusion worse confounded, so much so that Johnson, except for restraint, would have quoted upon him Savage's couplet—

"Here learning, blinded first and then beguiled,
Looks dark as ignorance, as frenzy wild."

Quin expressed his opinion of the presumption of the man he never liked by bidding him leave their Bible alone and attend to his own. Foote was equally satirical when he marked a dirty imp of a chimney-sweep upon a prancing steed, and cried "There goes Warburton on Shakespeare."

Johnson very fitly marked his predecessor's folly by saying he had a rage for saying something when nothing was to be said; and that much needed to be said, if in proper places, Johnson seems to have felt sufficiently when he published two years before, his "Observations on Macbeth," forgiving the "harmless industry" of Hanmer, and intimating his own purpose of editing the plays. But such insinuations were nothing to the attacks that Warburton's fully invited. It brought out as good a controversialist and a better critic in Dr. Zachary Grey, who in some sarcastic titles assailed the new editor and defended Hanmer, not without personal spite, for Warburton had very arrogantly assailed his edition of "Hudibras." A more important refutation came from a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, Thomas Edwards. It had been learned from Warburton's preface that the prelate had entertained the notion of informing the world how to criticise by instituting a body of canons, but he thought it now superfluous, since his notes on Shakespeare embodied his system. Like an unskillful swordsman he thus laid himself open to a wily litterateur, who based a system of pretended rules for criticism upon instances cited

from Warburton's notes, and published them under the ambiguous title of "Supplement" (1747), but not until the third edition (1748) was the name superadded by which it has since been known, "Canons of Criticism." Warburton showed a silly rage, and Edwards wrote not too confidently to Richardson that he had in some measure vindicated the reputation of Shakespeare. This refutation, added to several other anonymous works, certainly caused the extinction of Warburton as a critic of Shakespeare, for his edition never reached a reprint. He was as audacious as usual in referring to it in a letter to Garrick twelve years later. "When I wrote notes on Shakespeare, I could not imagine that men who could but just read, would pretend to judge of a part of learning which, if Longinus may be believed, is the consummate fruits of long study; yet there is not a fruitfuller source of the buffoonery of coxcombs and wittlings than these studies." It was doubtless of little satisfaction to the man, when he wrote this falsehood, that Edward's book was still going through edition after edition.

THE AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION AT THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

AMONG the many departments of the Metropolitan Fair none are more interesting or worthy the attention of scholars and antiquaries than that devoted to the sale of autographs. It is hard to give an adequate idea of the extent and richness of the collection. The collections of scholars, public libraries, family papers, and state archives at home and abroad, have been freely opened and generously contributed from to aid in the work. Private individuals have sent letters long cherished as precious memorials of the great and good, and the surprising results of personal activity in making collections can be accounted for only by the universal desire to do something in aid of so noble a work. A catalogue of the autographs has been prepared for reference at the sale, but one must see the papers themselves to appreciate their great worth. It does no injustice to other donors to say that the collection sent by Mr. George P. Marsh, the distinguished scholar and statesman, is foremost in value. His position as United States Minister at Turin, and his acquaintance with eminent scholars abroad, gave him opportunity to secure many extremely choice and rare autographs and holograph papers. Mr. Marsh's list begins with a fine clear autograph letter of Louis XIV., bearing date May 1, 1704. Passing from "Louis the Magnificent," there are numerous autographs and letters of later French sovereigns down to the time of the Republic.

Following closely upon royalty, for a time deposed, is an order for arms signed by Robespierre, Carnot, and others. The crooked, hard lines of the former may indicate a stern character to a practiced eye, but hardly suggest that terrible scourge whose name might have been written on every acre of France in the blood of his victims. There are numerous holograph letters and orders from distinguished generals and leading men of the republic.

There could be no more potent reminder of the mighty changes and convulsions that swept over France at the close of the eighteenth century and the succeeding years, than to see the great and terrible names of the Reign of Terror followed by the signature of *Bonaparte* to an order for supplies for the army, dated Vendemiare 29, An. 4. There are a dozen papers of different kinds bearing his signature, with a note added to most of them in his own handwriting. The last two of these bear date, the former April 29, 1815; and last of all is a letter from the minister of war during the hundred days, dated May 6, 1815—only a short time before Napoleon left Paris for ever. These papers cover almost the entire period of the Consulate and Empire. There are besides letters and autographs of all his family—some of them of great interest. This unique collection of the Bonapartes ought not to be separated, and would be a treasure to our finest libraries. Next we come to the great marshals and generals of the empire, led off by the noblest of them all. On a curiously arranged sheet of paper is an order for the position and movement of troops—half of the page taken up with dots and dashes arranged in regiments, and numbered to illustrate the text of the letter. At the bottom of the sheet is the clear, bold signature of the brave Ney, "Maréchal de l'Empire." While looking at the plan and name of Ney, one can almost hear the thundering advance of his squadrons and the resistless dash of his cavalry—and we almost have faith that the man with that signature could take even Richmond. Killerman, another great general of cavalry, and Marshal Soult are only two of many illustrious names.

Mr. Marsh sends also autographs of great value, given by Dr. Achille Migiliavacca, of Milan, and the Countess Gigliucci, formerly Clara Novello, of London. He begs for their splendid gifts a special acknowledgment from the Commission. Among these is a fine autograph letter of the great Andrea Doria to the Governor of Milan, dated May 21, 1531, with seal. Also one from the Emperor Charles V. to Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, dated Oct. 26, 1534. Letters from Don Philip IV. of Spain, Charles II. of Spain, Louis XI. of France, and Henry VII. of England, are a few chosen at random from this rich collection.

To many, the beautiful letters written to Mrs. Marsh by

Garibaldi, Manzoni, Ricasoli, and Poerio, expressing the deepest sympathy in our country's struggle, will be worth all the rest. We can almost clasp hands with those noble champions of Italian liberty while reading their hopeful, tender words of good cheer. In his letter announcing the gift of these priceless letters, Mr. Marsh says: "The more I think of it, the more I grieve to part with Garibaldi's. If I had a hundred dollars I would send it to buy it back with. He is the hero and saint of our age. Ten golden eagles should be the lowest bid received for this golden letter. Manzoni's (from Avezza) would bring almost as much in England, and Ricasoli's is a treasure."

In this connection we must not omit to mention the generous and beautiful gift of Hiram Powers which came with the autographs from Turin. There are two hundred exquisite photographs of his works, including some not familiar to most Americans. The photographs were all taken by his son and are signed by himself. All this is in addition to a bust of Washington which Mr. Powers presents to the fair.

In the general collection, English history is well represented. Among her sovereigns are William III., William IV., George III., George IV., several of each. Good Queen Victoria is represented by two of her beautifully formed signatures. The signature of George III. is old-fashioned, but handsomely formed. That of George IV. is kingly enough, though we do not see the stamp of royalty so clearly as an enthusiastic Tory writer in *Blackwood*, who compares it invidiously with the impatient scrawl of Napoleon I. "There is," he says, "about the whole effect something eminently graceful, composed, and princely, and that, compared with the hideous ragamuffin Napoleon of the late Emperor of France, shows, in the most striking manner, what a difference there is between the uneasy strut of a usurper and the calm majesty of a born king."

The peerage furnishes a large number of letters and signatures, all, of course, evincing to a skillful eye the exact gradations of rank and political prominence. Dukes are plenty, led off by Marlborough and Wellington; prime ministers, whose autographs embody the wisdom of cabinet councils, are jostled and crowded by a host of puissant lords and distinguished commoners; poets, novelists, historians, and philosophers, here take a new lease of immortality. There will be found numerous letters from most of the distinguished authors of England now living, as well as many of the last century. These letters and notes being of a personal nature often give us delightful glimpses of a life and character little known to the world. Mr. Pierre Irving has contributed some interesting letters from Scott, Moore, and others to Washington Irving, and also valuable manuscripts of the latter.

A collection given by Miss Mary Hamilton will be found especially rich in names of our Revolutionary period.

Dr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, and Dr. Lieber, the distinguished publicist, have interested themselves to furnish autograph memorials of many eminent men with whom their high position as men of letters in our country have brought them into relationship.

Three signatures of George Washington with writing have been framed, and will be sold separately, as the choicest of all. If anything could convince us that character was to be read in handwriting, it would be the clear, simple, and dignified signature of George Washington. It is firm and large, without being stiff or showy—a true republican autograph. There are autograph memorials of most, if not all of the Presidents of the United States, and a multitude of papers from our most distinguished statesmen, scholars, and authors. The names of those who have collected them would alone fill quite a large space. Perhaps no collection was ever before offered in this country which had so great claim for merit and genuineness as this, and it is greatly to be hoped that all persons interested in such collections will do all in their power to bring this to the notice of those who would like to purchase. The noble letters from distinguished men abroad, announcing their contributions, would have in themselves a high value as autographs, and should lead us at least to make an effort to realize as much from these generous gifts for this world-praised enterprise as they would bring in Europe at an ordinary auction sale. At the autograph table in the art-gallery will be found a dagger, presented by Garibaldi to Mr. Artoni, now attaché of the American Legation at Turin. It has the initials of Garibaldi, cut by himself on the hilt. This was generously given by an Italian lover of American liberty, to be sold for the benefit of our heroic suffering soldiers.

Besides the collection above noticed, special collections of great value have been made by Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, Mrs. Vincenzo Botto, Mrs. Sidney Webster, and Miss North, of Stratford, Conn. They contain many exceedingly rare autographs, much prized by collectors. Although not in the general catalogue they are carefully arranged, and are accompanied by a table of contents. Mrs. George B. McClellan and Mrs. Viéle have made special collections of military and naval heroes of our own time and country, with many others. They will be found to embrace the names of nearly all those who have won the admiration and gratitude of the nation by their illustrious deeds. Two other collections, mounted and arranged with the nicest care,

were sent too late to be put in the catalogue. That of Mrs. Philip Livingston, made by her grandmother, Mrs. Hugh L. White, a lady celebrated here and in Europe for her beauty and wit, is a treasure of itself, and we are much indebted to Mrs. Livingston for consenting to part from autographs so long cherished as family memorials. Long holograph letters from men whose autograph is eagerly sought for make this collection especially noticeable. Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr, though traitors in action, after the lapse of years are found to have written quite harmless letters, whose style would be creditable to the most loyal and virtuous of patriots. If treason lurks in an autograph, it is only clear to the most subtle penetration.

A collection of fifty autographs and holograph letters, presented by Dr. Peters, though, if we may be pardoned for discriminating, we seem also especially indebted to Master Chas. G. Peters, is quite unique, and well worth the attention of collectors, both from its rare autographs and its very neat arrangement.

Having thus briefly noticed the autographs collected for the fair, it will be unnecessary for us to speak of the object for which they were bestowed. The prices of autographs are higher than for some years past, and in market phrase "the demand is brisk." It will be matter of regret if a generous sum is not realized from the sale. If the most valuable could be arranged together, and purchased for some one of our public libraries, it would secure to it an unusually choice collection, and gratify many gentlemen who have become greatly interested in the sale and disposition of this truly rare and splendid collection of autographs.

JUDITH.

II.

THE CAMP OF ASSUR.

As on the housetops of a seaport town,
After a storm has lashed the dangerous coast,
The people crowd to watch some hopeless ship
Tearing its heart upon the unseen reef,
And strain their sight to catch the tattered sail
That comes and goes, and glimmers, till at length
No eye can find it, and a sudden awe
Falls on the people, and no soul may speak;
So, from the windy parapets and roofs
Of the embattled city, anxious groups
Watched the faint flutter of a woman's dress,
Judith's, who, toiling up a distant hill,
Seemed but a speck against the sunny green;
Yet ever as the wind drew back her robes,
They saw her from the towers, until she reached
The crest, and past into the azure sky:
Then, each one gazing on his neighbor's face,
Speechless, descended to the level world.

Before his tent, stretched on a leopard-skin,
Lay Holofernes, ringed by his dark lords,
Himself the prince of darkness. At his side
His iron helmet poured upon the grass
Its plume of horse-hair; on his ponderous spear,
The flinty barb thrust half its length in earth,
As if some giant had flung it, hung his shield,
And on the burnished circuit of the shield
A sinewy dragon, rampant, silver-fanged,
Glared horrible with sea-green emerald eyes;
And as the sunshine struck across it, writhed,
And seemed a type of those impatient lords
Who, in the loud war-council here convened,
Gave voice for battle, and with fiery words
Opposed the cautious wisdom of their peers.
So seemed the restless dragon on the shield.

Baleful and sullen as a sulphurous cloud
Packed with the lightning, Holofernes lay,
Brooding upon the diverse arguments,
Himself not arguing, but listening most
To the curt phrases of the snow-haired chiefs.
And some said: "Take the city by assault,
And grind it into atoms at a blow."
And some said: "Wait. There's that within the walls
Shall gnaw its heart out—hunger. Let us wait."
To which the younger chieftains: "If we wait,
Ourselves shall starve. Like locusts we have fed
Upon the land till there is nothing left,
Nor grass, nor grain, nor any living thing.
And if at last we take a famished town
With eighty thousand ragged skeletons,
What boots it? We shall hunger all the same.
Now, by great Baal, we'd rather die at once
Than languish, scorching, on these sun-baked hills!"

At which the others called them "fretful girls,"
And scoffed at them: "Ye should have stayed at home,
And decked your hair with golden butterflies,
Like King Arphaxad's harlots. Know ye not
Patience and valor are the head and heart
Of warriors? Who lacks in either, fails.
Have we not hammered with our catapults
Those stubborn gates? Have we not hurled our men
Against the angry torrent of their spears?
Mark how those birds that wheel above yon wood,
In clanging columns, settle greedily down
Upon the unearthen bodies of our dead.

See where they rise, red-beaked and surfeited!
Has it availed? Let us be patient, then,
And bide the slow pleasure of the gods."
"And when," quoth one, "our stores of meat are gone,
We'll even feed upon the tender flesh
Of these tame girls, who, though they dress in steel,
Like more the dulcet tremors of a lute
Than the shrill whistle of an arrow-head."

At this a score of falchions leapt in air,
And hot-breathed words took flight from bearded lips,
And they had slain each other in their heat,
These savage captains, quick with bow and spear,
But that great Holofernes started up,
To his full height, and, speaking not a word,
With anger-knitted forehead glared at them.
As they shrunk back, their passion and their shame
Gave place to wonder, finding in their midst
A woman whose exceeding radiance
Of brow and bosom made her garments seem
Threadbare and lusterless, yet whose attire
Outshone the purples of a Persian queen.

Now Judith, who knew all the mountain paths
As one may know the delicate azure veins,
Each crossing each, on his beloved's wrist,
Had stolen between the pickets in the wood
And gained the straggling outskirts of the camp,
And seeing the haughty gestures of the chiefs,
Halted, with fear, and knew not where to turn;
Then taking heart, had silently approached,
And stood among them, until then unseen.
And in the air, like numerous swarms of bees,
Arose the wondering murmurs of the throng,
Which checking, Holofernes turned and cried,
"Who breaks upon our councils?" angrily,
But drinking then the beauty of her eyes,
And seeing the rosy magic of her mouth,
And all the fragrant summer of her hair
Blown sweetly round her forehead, stood amazed;
And in the light of her pure modesty
His voice took gentler accent unawares:
"Whence come ye?"

"From yon city."

"By our life,
We thought the phantom of some murdered queen
Had risen from dead summers at our feet!
If these Judean women are so shaped,
Daughters of goddesses, let none be slain.
What seek ye, woman, in the hostile camps
Of Assur?"

"Holofernes."

"This is he."

"O good my lord," cried Judith, "if indeed
Thou art that Holofernes whom I seek,
And seeking dread to find, low at thy feet
Behold thy handmaid, who in fear has flown
From a doomed people."

"Wherein thou wert wise
Beyond the usual measure of thy sex,
And shalt have such observance as a king
Gives to his mistress, though our enemy.
As for thy people, they shall rue the hour
That brought not tribute to the lord of all,
Nabuchodonosor. But thou shalt live."

"O good my lord," thus Judith; "as thou wilt,
So would thy handmaid; and I pray thee now
Let those that listen stand awhile aloof,
For I have that for thine especial ear
Most precious to thee."

Then the crowd fell back,
Muttering, and half reluctantly, because
Her beauty drew them as the moon the sea—
Fell back and lingered, leaning on their shields
Under the trees, some couchant in the grass,
Broad-throated, large-lunged Titans overthrown,
Eying the Hebrew woman, whose sweet looks
Brought them a sudden vision of their wives
And dreams of sweethearts: and her presence there
Was as a spring that, in Sahara's wastes,
Taking the thirsty traveler by surprise,
Loosens its silver music at his feet.

Thus Judith, modest, with down-drooping eyes:

"My lord, if yet thou holdest in thy thought
The words which Achior the Ammonite
Once spake to thee concerning Israel,
O treasure them, for in them was no guile.
True is it, master, that our people kneel
To an unseen but not an unknown God:
By day and night He watches over us,
And while we worship Him we cannot die,
Our tabernacles shall be unprofaned.
Our spears invincible; but if we sin,
If we transgress the law by which we live,
Our temples shall be desecrate, our tribes
Thrust forth into the howling wilderness,
Scourged and accursed. Therefore, O my lord,
Seeing this nation wander from the faith

Taught of the Prophets, I have fled dismayed,
For fear the towers might crush me as they fall.
Heed, Holofernes, what I speak this day,
And if the thing I tell thee prove not true
Ere thrice the sun goes down beyond those peaks,
Then straightway plunge thy falchion in my breast,
For 'twere not meet that thy handmaid should live,
Having deceived the crown and flower of men."

She spoke and paused: and sweeter on his ear
Were Judith's words than ever seemed to him
The wanton laughter of the Assyrian girls
In the bazaars; and listening he heard not
The never-ceasing murmurs of the camp,
The neighing of the awful battle-steeds,
Nor the vain wind among the drowsy palms.
The tents that straggled up the hot hill-sides,
The warriors lying in the tangled grass,
The fanes and turrets of the distant town,
And all that was, dissolved and past away,
Save this one woman with her twilight eyes
And the miraculous cadence of her voice.

Then Judith, catching at the broken thread
Of her discourse, resumed, to closer draw
The silken net about the foolish prince:
And as she spoke, from time to time her gaze
Dwelt on his massive stature, and she saw
That he was shapely, knitted like a god,
A tower beside the men of her own land.

"Heed, Holofernes, what I speak this day,
And thou shalt rule not only that sick town,
Rich with its hundred altars' crusted gold,
But Cades-Barne, Jerusalem, and all
The vast hill-country even to the sea:
For I am come to give unto thy hands
The key of Israel—Israel now no more,
Since she disowns her Prophets and her God.
Know then, O lord, it is our yearly use
To lay aside the first fruit of the grain,
And so much oil, so many skins of wine,
Which, being sanctified, are kept intact
For the High Priests who serve before our God
In the great temple at Jerusalem.
This holy food—which even to touch is death—
The rulers, sliding from their ancient faith,
Would fain lay hands on, being well-nigh starved;
And they have sent a runner to the Priests
(The Jew Ben Raphaim, who, at dead of night,
Shot like a javelin between thy guards),
Bearing a parchment begging that the Church
Yield them permit to eat the sacred corn.
But 'tis not lawful they should do this thing,
Yet will they do it. Then shalt thou behold
The archers tumbling headlong from the walls,
Their strength gone from them; thou shalt see the spears
Splitting like reeds within the spearmen's hands,
And the pale captains tottering like old men
Stricken with palsy. Then, O glorious prince,
Then with thy trumpets blaring doleful dooms,
And thy silk banners flapping in the wind,
With squares of men and eager clouds of horse
Thou shalt swoop down on them, and strike them dead!
But now, my lord, before this come to pass,
Three days must wane, for they touch not the food
Until the Jew Ben Raphaim shall return
With the Priests' message. Here among thy hosts,
O Holofernes, will I dwell the while,
Asking but this, that I and my handmaid
Each night, at the twelfth hour, may egress have
Unto the valley, there to weep and pray
That God forsake this nation in its sin.
And as my prophecy prove true or false,
So be it with me."

Judith ceased, and stood,
Her hands across her bosom, as in prayer;
And Holofernes answered:

"Be it so.

And if, O rose of women, the event
Prove not a draw beside the prophecy,
Then there's no woman like thee—no, not one.
Thy name shall be renowned through the world,
Music shall wait on thee, thou shalt have crowns,
And jewel-chests of costly camphor-wood,
And robes as glossy as the ring-dove's neck,
And chariots, and retinues of slaves:
And thou shalt dwell with me in Nineveh,
In Nineveh, the City of the Gods!"

At which the Jewish woman bowed her head
Humbly, that Holofernes might not see
How blanched her cheek grew. "Even as thou wilt,
So would thy servant." At a word the slaves
Brought meat and wine, and placed them in a tent,
A silk pavilion, wrought with arabesques,
That stood apart, for Judith and her maid.
But Judith ate not, saying: "Master, no.
It is not lawful that we taste of these;
My maid has brought a pouch of parched corn,
And bread, and figs, and wine of our own land,
Which shall not fail us." Holofernes said,
"So let it be," and lifting up the screen
Fast out, and left them sitting in the tent.

That day he mixt not with the warriors
As was his wont, nor watched them at their games
In the wide shadow of the terebinth trees;
But up and down within a lonely grove
Paced slowly, brooding on her perfect face,
Saying her strange words over to himself,
Headless of time, till he looked up and saw
The specter of the Twilight on the hills.

The fame of Judith's loveliness had flown
From lip to lip throughout the canvas town,
And as the evening deepened, many came
From neighboring camps, with frivolous excuse,
To pass the green pavilion—long-haired chiefs
That dwelt by the Hydaspes, and the sons
Of the Elymeans, and slim Tartar youths;
But saw not her, who, shut from common air,
Basked in the twilight of the tapestries.

But when night came, and all the camp was still,
And nothing moved beneath the icy stars
In their blue bourns, except some stealthy guard,
A shadow among shadows, Judith rose,
Calling her servant, and the sentinel
Drew back, and let her pass beyond the lines
Into the valley. And her heart was full,
Seeing the watch-fires burning on the towers
Of her own city: and she knelt and prayed
For it and them that dwelt within its walls,
And was refreshed—such balm there lies in prayer
For those who know God listens. Straightway then
The two returned, and all the camp was still.

One cresset twinkled dimly in the tent
Of Holofernes, and Bagoas, his slave,
Lay prone across the matting at the door,
Drunk with the wine of slumber; but his lord
Slept not, or, sleeping, rested not for thought
Of Judith's beauty. Two large lucent eyes,
Tender and full as moons, dawned on his sleep;
And when he woke, they filled the vacant dark
With an unearthly splendor. All night long
A stately figure glided through his dream;
Sometimes a queenly diadem weighed down
Its braided tresses, and sometimes it came
Draped only in a misty cloud of veils;
Like the King's dancing-girl at Nineveh.
And Holofernes turned upon his couch,
And, yearning for the daybreak, slept no more.

THE SOVEREIGNS AT MEAT.

BY "the sovereigns" our regal brother the reader will of course understand us to mean the sovereign masses—in other words, our royal selves. In our dietetic habitudes we republican potentates differ materially from the right divine fellows across the water. They seldom banquet in public. We, on the contrary, are of a gregarious nature, and prone to feed in crowds. No expense has been spared to gratify the taste of our majesties in this particular. The city of New York, for example, has been provided with a greater number of restaurants and eating-houses in proportion to its population than any other city in the world. Judging from the vastness of the accommodations for public eating and drinking, it would seem as if at least three-fourths of the community were expected to take their meals from home. And yet, at certain hours of the day, it is difficult to find elbow-room in any public *salle à manger*. From the sumptuous restaurants in Fourteenth street to the "slap-bang" concerns in Nassau street, the public commissariat appears to be overrun with customers. Two or three green turtles lying on their backs, with wet towels under their heads, and looking like sick aldermen suffering from the reaction of a debauch, are sure to draw a crowd to the discussion of their callipash and callipee on the day when, according to the sentences inscribed on their shells, they are served up in steaks and soup. Go into any refreshment saloon down-town, between the hours of twelve and two, and you find all the seats at the tables and counters occupied by earnest men hard at work, and behind the busy incumbents relays of the fasting, waiting for vacancies. It is not a pleasant thing for the fastidious feeder, whose brain is of a statistical turn, to contemplate a scene of this kind. He is led involuntarily into unpleasant calculations—such as estimating how many mouths each spoon and fork go into within a certain number of minutes, and what intervals are allowed for cooling the implements on their rapid rounds. Suspicions that there is scarcely time for washing them between whiles naturally agitate his mind, and by sympathy his diaphragm. That such has been our case we freely admit. More than once have we turned away from an otherwise tempting luncheon with the feeling that the transferable portion of the table equipage was in too frequent use by the general public to minister to our individual enjoyment.

Dispatch seems to be the main object of all who eat in public in this country. We run our teeth as we run our fast horses—against time. When the elder Matthews returned to London from his theatrical tour in the United States, some forty years ago, he convulsed the cockneys in

his American monologues with descriptions of the style in which we laid in the supplies. In New York, he said, almost everything was done in "about twenty minutes," except taking lunch, which only occupied ten. Since then the lightning telegraph and lightning presses have been introduced, and things in general accelerated. The swiftness with which the business world below Chambers street disposes of its midday ration is only equaled by the rapid progress of the "devouring element" at a first-class conflagration. In seven minutes we have seen a perspiring and panting sovereign, who had just torn himself away from Wall street, absorb a brandy cocktail, a plateful of meat and vegetables, a pile of lobster salad, and three or four *meringues à la crème*. The operation seemed to be performed unconsciously, the soul of the operator probably being "on 'Change" while his material part was "supplying the waste of nature" at the expense of indigestion. Death on the Pale Horse would be an appropriate sign for the establishments where such outrages upon the laws of health are committed.

Laboring men to whom their wives bring their dinners, or who carry their rations with them from home in little tin cans, derive infinitely more enjoyment from their meals than the *habitués* of the haunts of commerce and finance from such midday snatches at the luxuries of the *cuisine* as we have described. The former generally devote a half-hour or an hour to refreshment at noon, and, seated on pieces of timber or blocks of stone, or any other coigns of vantage within reach, chat pleasantly over their simple fare, and dine like gentlemen. Their rationally treated stomachs have no cause of complaint against their owners—no unnatural treatment to resent with bilious attacks and fits of hypochondria and tormenting nightmares. If the Midases of Wall and Broad streets lunched in the same way, they would escape many pangs and live the longer.

There are a sensible few, however, among our mighty hunters of the almighty dollar who can and do intermit their worship of Mammon long enough to take a little Sardanapalian comfort as they go along. They have the sagacity to see that people who ruin their constitutions in acquiring wealth pay too dear for their whistle—that men who are only fit for a hospital when they have "made their pile" are objects of pity rather than of envy. These wise men of the mart may generally be seen about the hour of 1 P.M., at Delmonico's or some other first-class restaurant, seated comfortably at table, with white napkins across their knees, leisurely luxuriating. They have dismissed for the time being all business cares; there is no speculation in their eyes. Slowly, and with real zest, they discuss the dainties set before them, and sip their Burgundy and Medoc with genuine relish. Preoccupation does not deaden their sense of taste. Their discriminating palates are on the alert—as fully alive to the harmonies of the dietetic scale as the ears of a musical critic to those of the gamut. How we honor them! Men who are capable of thus soaring above the meaner instincts of the bank-note world, and of realizing even in its very midst the pure delights of a refined epicureanism, deserve to be crowned, as the old Romans crowned their Symposiarchs and Amphytrions, with coronals of parsley! When we see them we always hope that they have wives at home who will give them, at six o'clock, dinners worthy of their luncheons. Too probably that hope is rarely fulfilled; for the chances are that, while these genial epicures are recruiting their energies for the remaining toils of the business day, the partners of their bosoms are indulging in unwholesome pastry or still more unwholesome candies at the Broadway confectioneries, or sitting rapt in ecstasy before the latest "sweet thing" in bonnets or mantillas, quite oblivious of their culinary responsibilities and fashionably ignorant of the constituents of the coming prandial repast.

The two great temples of public luxury in Fourteenth street derive no small portion of their custom and profit from disappointed husbands, who find no appetizing offering on the family altar when they return from their daily pilgrimage to the shrine of Plutus. At those sumptuous establishments they find the well-cooked delicacies unavoidably omitted, by reason of circumstances over which they have no control, from the home *carte*. We do not blame them for going there. It is a melancholy thing for a man whose name is good for blank thousands on "the sheet" to come home from the stock exchange or the "gold room" flushed with financial victory, and as it were with a wreath of greenbacks twined around his brow, and find on his table a dinner many a mechanic's wife would blush to set before her spouse. And it is often thus; for sooth to say our majesties, even the richest of us, are not invariably as well cared for in our palaces as we might be. The household queen, too frequently a tyro in that branch of the fine arts which, thoroughly understood, would enable her every day to "set a dainty dish before the king."

The moral intended to be inculcated by this brief article (for be it understood we never write without having a wholesome practical end in view) may be summed up in a sentence. It is this: Let every gentleman eat deliberately and like a gentleman when he eats in public; and every lady at the head of a household devote a portion of her time to the superintendence of her own kitchen.

REVIEWS.

THEORIES OF THE IDEA OF BEAUTY.*

THE idea of the beautiful received a new impulse and development with the advent of the Christian faith. Dr. Kuhn says: "The fundamental idea of Christianity, that of absolute freedom, love, and holiness, was incarnated in its living representative, Christ, the God-man, and thus the very idea of humanity was renovated;" "he manifested the divine love in a pure human form." "There is in him an unapproachable grandeur, a divine sublimity, a fullness of beauty, so that, as a Christian thinker writes, the higher our own culture and progress, the greater seems to us to be his purity and majesty, and the more do we strive to become like him in love." Christ, as a matter of fact, became for all times the highest ideal of art, and the greatest masters achieved their chief renown in depicting this ideal. The characteristics of the classic ideal were, *eternality, finiteness, and sensuous love*; those of the Christian ideal are, *subjectivity, the infinite, and spiritual love*. In the Christian principle of "holy love is the element of the new life, which, in its living energy, has given an expression of majestic beauty to the acts and strivings of individuals and of the race." Spiritual life, quickened by such a divine love, is diffused through all the relations of life, and gives them harmony and completeness. The aspirations of the soul become higher as well as purer. The whole of beauty can no longer be found in the objects that greet the senses. Art demands new and higher forms—forms that will express the most spiritual feelings, conflicts, and aspirations. These are found in the great Christian arts of music and painting, and in new forms of poetry. But this development of art was gradual; centuries intervened ere the ripe fruit was borne from the new germs—centuries of conflict and of adjustment with the old speculation. And this is seen in the history of the idea of the beautiful as much as in any sphere of thought.

The first marked development is encountered in the school of the Neo-Platonists, represented in its culmination, the third century after Christ, by Plotinus, one of the most remarkable thinkers of antiquity. Essentially Platonic in the basis of his speculations, he yet shows the influence of the new ideas of the Christian system upon pagan thinking, and this, too, on the very points in which he differs from his great Grecian master. Dr. Kuhn devotes to him the larger part of two lectures, of which we can only reproduce a meager summary. In the antique or Hellenic conception, the height of art was found in the complete concord and interpenetration of the external and the internal, of idea and form; the divine was represented in the shape of man—a perfect human form was the ideal of divinity itself. Plotinus, now, more sharply sunders the material from the immaterial, the human from the divine. The center of his system is in the idea of the One and the Good—which is itself without form or shape, and yet the ground and source of all forms and of all shapes. The material mass is *indifferent* in respect to the beautiful. The spiritual is prior and supreme. All the beauty found in the external is imparted to it—a reflex of the eternal beauty. All beauty is not in sights and sounds; there is a spiritual loveliness which is beautiful in itself, and which gives its beauty to the outward. Nor is beauty found in symmetry alone, for that which is single and simple may be beautiful; and, in fact, the whole could not be beautiful unless the parts were also fair. The beautiful, then, is something perceived by the soul, allied to it, and recognized by it wherever seen. All earthly beauty is derived from and resembles real spiritual beauty, so far as it has part in the divine idea. Beauty cannot be found in matter as such, but only in the form as representing the ideal; and the ideal is known and recognized only by the soul. Plotinus distinguishes five degrees or stages of the beautiful: the highest is the absolute beauty of God himself; the second is the beauty of the divine reason and its world of ideas; the third is found in the soul of the world, which is the product of these ideas; the fourth is the beauty of sensible nature; the fifth and last stage is realized in the beauty of human works of art, imitating nature.

How, now, does this theory of Plotinus stand related to that of Plato? And in what respects is it in advance of the classic ideal, showing the silent workings of the Christian idea?

With Plato, he holds that the external is not beautiful in itself, but only as it participates in the idea; that love to the beauty seen in visible forms, is the first stage in culture; also, that beauty awakens love and desire in the soul, transporting it even to rapture and sacred reverence; that in reason is the primal beauty, and that the good and fair are one. But he differs from Plato in making the good to be the original, creative source of all that is; while Plato represents reason as the ground or source of the existence of other things. In other words, Plotinus emphasizes the productive energy of the divine goodness, while in Plato the relation of the divine ideas to the actual world is left undecided and obscure. God, in the theory of Plotinus, is an eternal, ever-productive energy; and goodness is the very

* Die Idee des Schönen in ihrer Entwicklung bei den Alten bis in unsere Tage. Vorträge an Künstler von Dr. A. Kuhn. Berlin, 1863.

life of God, is God himself. The good is the source of the beautiful, and is no longer identified with it as is the Platonic scheme. As created things participate in this divine goodness, in that proportion are they to be called beautiful. "Hence," concludes the author, "we may, with the fullest right, designate Plotinus as the originator of the true doctrine of the ideality of art." And yet it is a striking fact that this theory came at a time when ancient art had ceased to be productive. But it was not merely a memorial of the past; it was also prophetic of a higher and better future for art, realized only when Christianity had gained the ascendancy in human life and history, and was prepared to unfold its hidden resources in giving inspiration to artistic genius.

Besides Plotinus, there are two other names—those of Longinus and Philostratus, who contributed not so much to the general theory of art as to its special applications. Longinus on the "Sublime" has poetry and eloquence in view, rather than the plastic arts. The sublime, he says, cannot be taught, it must be given by nature; but though nature imparts the materials, yet art is necessary to define the limits and proportions of the product. Sublimity is the highest grade of art—above mere symmetry and beauty: it is its spiritual element. Philostratus the Elder was the first in ancient times to describe the phantasy (imagination) in a special way in relation to the products of art, representing it as a creative energy. The spirit of the artist must have, through imagination, the ideal image present and shapely ere a true work of art can be produced. He also signalized the use and necessity of the reproductive as well as of the productive imagination.

In Plato, Aristotle, and Plotinus, we have the essence of the ancient theories of art. Plato wavers between the definition of beauty by its form or by its contents; Aristotle holds distinctively to the form; Plotinus views it as the manifestation or incorporation of a divine essence, and as directly derived from the highest source of all being, so that by its contemplation the soul is borne aloft in ecstasy, freed from the clogs of the material universe.

The fathers of the Christian church were too much engrossed in the struggles of Christianity for its very being, to devote much thought to æsthetic speculations. In the catacombs are found rude images, symbols of a simple faith and worship. The world was to be subdued to Christ ere it could clothe itself in new forms of beauty. The Christian warrior, the Christian thinker, the Christian martyr, must precede the Christian artist. As far as any statements about the nature of beauty are found in the early Christian literature, they are for the most part but a repetition of the Greek forms of thought, modified, however, by a more distinct conception of the relation of God to nature. All beauty, it was said, is from the hand and spirit of God; it is the impress of divine beauty put upon created things. Creation is fair because God is essential beauty, as well as goodness and truth. In Augustine, the greatest of the Latin fathers, these views are most fully expressed. He united and harmonized the two tendencies of the Christian mind in relation to the Greek speculation, neither undervaluing nor overestimating it, but making philosophy subservient to the faith. In his treatises on "Order" and "Music," he says that *unity* is the proper form of beauty, while *order* and *fitness* are its necessary conditions. "Beauty is seen by the soul, and not by the senses;" it is in itself a law which binds our judgment and is directly derived from God. The source of all particular beauties is in the absolute beauty, superior to all finite intelligences. He distinguishes the beauty of a body in its totality and unity from the beauty of its separate parts; the latter must be in harmony and sympathy with the whole. He also examines at length the nature and functions of imagination (phantasy), distinguishing three classes of images, viz., those of objects already perceived by the senses—the reproductive imagination; those produced by the free activity of the mind—the creative imagination; and, in the third place, those which are formed by a more logical and reflective process. He also applies this view of imagination to various literary products, and even to explain some parts of the ancient mythology.

Plato and Aristotle ruled the thoughts of men, as far as philosophy was concerned, down through the middle ages. Art died out in the fierce conflicts with Moslems in the East, and under the barbaric invasions in the West. Charlemagne and the Roman bishops brought order into the chaos. And then, by a spontaneous growth, new forms of art sprang up in Southern Europe, at first most signally in architecture, and showed that Christianity was to bear fruit in the sphere of beauty as well as in faith and life. In Italy and along the Rhine, as if by magic, there was a revival of the old spirit, yet in new forms. Architecture, sculpture, music, and painting formed new schools, in the service of the church. Florence represented the dramatic element, Umbria the lyrical, and Venice depicted the scenes and passions of actual life. At Cologne the German ideality and deep religious spirit found its expression, while in the Netherlands the realistic school celebrated its devotion to fact and nature. Some of the great masters, as Da Vinci, Cellini, and Albert Dürer, wrote treatises on the principles of their respective arts, yet without any farther analysis of the idea of beauty. Michael Angelo, in his last years, projected a work on the form and movements of the human body. In France, during

the period of the artificial Renaissance, Charles Batteux described all art as the imitation of nature. The Encyclopedists, to judge from Diderot's essay, "Du Beau," judged all art and beauty by a merely external standard. "The beautiful," says one of this school, "is that from which we receive the greatest number of ideas in the smallest space of time." To which Jean Paul replied, "Then the ugly must be that from which we receive the fewest ideas in the largest space of time."

No English writer on the theory of the beautiful is named by Dr. Kuhn; he merely says that in their æsthetic researches they had respect chiefly to the theory of taste. Such omissions are characteristic of German treatises; but we need not now stop to supply the defect. The investigations of Home, Hogarth, Hutcheson, Shaftesbury, Burke, and Alison, the lectures of Fuseli and Sir Joshua Reynolds, to say nothing of Coleridge and the more recent works of Fields, Symonds, and Ruskin, deserve a more ample consideration. And there is no doubt that the researches of Kant were stimulated by the English speculations.

The beginning of the more systematic treatises on the beautiful, and of the science of æsthetics as a department of philosophy, is with Baumgarten's well-known work, published a century ago. He belonged to the philosophical school of Wolf, and carried its abstract principles into his definition of beauty, as "the perfect in a sensible manifestation." Beauty is discerned through the senses. Moses Mendelssohn and Sulzer advance a step in saying that "the beautiful is perceived by the nobler and clearer senses." Winkelmann revived the study of ancient art, and subjected its principles to a new and fruitful examination. In his "History of Art" he writes: "I have long reflected upon beauty, but too late. In my best and most enthusiastic years its essence was dark to me, and so I am now powerless and spiritless when I come to speak of it." It is easier to say "what it is not, than what it is." "Beauty is received by the senses, but known by the intellect." "The highest beauty is in God, and the idea of human beauty is complete in proportion as it is conceived in harmony with the highest Being." "All beauty is majestic through unity and simplicity; what is in itself great becomes majestic when carried out with simplicity." Schelling bears testimony that Winkelmann "restored the soul to art in all its energy, and elevated it into the realm of spiritual freedom. He put the highest aim of art in the production of the ideal forms, as expressive of spiritual ideas." Raphael Mengs, too, coincided in the main with Winkelmann, both recurring to the classic ideas, and especially to the theories of Plato.

The modern German philosophy, beginning with Kant, gave a new impulse and a wider reach to these speculations on the nature of the beautiful, and it also has the merit of bringing æsthetics within the metes and bounds of a distinctive science. Kant, unlike Baumgarten, claimed that the beautiful is for the intellect as well as for the senses, though it also has special reference to the sensibilities. The beautiful, he says, awakens a disinterested emotion; it gives direct gratification; and in all that is beautiful (as distinguished from the useful) there is an inherent fitness to an end in and of itself. But this theory manifestly describes the subjective effects of the beautiful, and does not tell us what it is in itself. The poet Schiller, though at first a disciple of Kant, added new elements to the definition, and came nearer to a statement of the true idea. A beautiful object, he says, must have the air of freedom; it is freedom in the manifestation. But this manifestation must also have an artistic form; so that the beautiful will be the pure harmony or coincidence of the idea (or essence) with the free form. Coleridge presents substantially the same view in his statement that "it is the union of the free life with the confining form." In another passage, Schiller says that "the beautiful is at once the inhabitant of two worlds, nature and the soul—belonging to the one by the right of birth, and to the other by adoption." Taste comes to mediate between the idea and its manifestations. Thus in Schiller we have the transition from the merely subjective theories of beauty to the objective.

The union between the subjective and objective elements was attempted in the philosophy of Schelling, which gave an impulse to art and æsthetics as well as to the study of nature in its highest aspects. The "identity of opposites" is the cardinal point of his system; and so the "union of the ideal and the real," or "the infinite expressed in finite forms," describes the real nature of the beautiful. Art is to him the revelation of an ideal world in harmonious forms and expression. This revelation is never perfect, for the infinite fullness of life can never be exhausted. And so the theories of the beautiful complete their cycle, and return to substantially the same idea which dawned upon the vision of Plato, though enriched with the spoils of the intervening centuries. Schelling, with eloquent enthusiasm, tells us that, when the rare beauty which proceeds from the perfect interpenetration of moral goodness with sensuous grace seizes hold upon the soul, it is entranced as by the power of a miracle. The beholder is filled, as with a sudden light, by the reminiscence of the original oneness of the essence of nature with the essence of the soul: he has the sure conviction that all antagonism is only a seeming; that love

is the bond that binds all spirits together, and pure goodness the ground and substance of the whole of creation; and that the highest beauty is in God and in the harmonies of the universe. In such rapt homage of the beautiful there is indeed something of the pantheistic blending of the infinite with the finite which prevails in the earlier speculations of him whom the Germans liken to Plato, in his union of the highest imagination with a profound reason. And the worship of art is easily fostered by a theory which makes the union of the ideal with the real to be the highest idea of reason.

But as Plato had his Aristotle, so Schelling was succeeded by Hegel, who, standing in the main on the same theoretic ground, transmuted these poetical shapes into severe logical forms. The beautiful, he says, "is the idea in a sensible form;" or it is "the true manifested in a determinate form." To know it fully we must study the diverse forms in which it has been unfolded in the artistic history of the race. Art is one revelation of the absolute idea; religion and philosophy are the two other modes in which the same absolute is revealed. Art is lower than either of the others, for it is the idea revealed in forms appealing to the senses. Hegel's great work on "Æsthetics" first brought this part of philosophy into a comparatively complete form, and it has been the starting-point for a large number of treatises which enrich the philosophical literature of Germany from year to year, while England has not yet produced a single comprehensive essay on this fruitful theme.

On the basis of Dr. Kuhn's interesting lectures, we have stated in a compressed form some of the prominent theories by which it has been attempted to elucidate the nature of the beautiful as manifested in the works of the Creator and the products of human art. A critical discussion of these theories would lead us beyond our limits. From the concluding lectures of the author we translate a few passages as examples of his spirit and method:

"That which Plato put in the foreground of his investigations, as the highest principle, Christianity has also taken as the correct basis for interpreting the nature of the beautiful; and philosophy proclaims the same axiom. God is the primal beauty; the world is the most beautiful work of the great Master Builder; in the world the fairest product is man. All human beauty is a reflection of the divine; all the forms of beauty which man produces are but rays of the beauty first born of God. And as the whole of creation is but a revelation of the nature of God, so the unseen beauty of the divine ideas is revealed in the visible beauty of the universe. Consequently that which is beautiful in any object is a manifestation of God, the divine idea made visible or audible in a work of art."

"The beautiful in nature is always more full of life than the beautiful in art." "The beauty of actual life surpasses the representative beauty of a work of art." "Themistocles was once asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer? 'Would you,' was his reply, 'rather be a victor in the Olympic games, or the victor's herald?' " "Phidias, say the Greeks, succeeded better in making gods than men; and so the epigram was current, 'O Phidias, either the God came down from heaven to show to thee his image, or thou didst ascend to heaven to see the divinity.' " "The artist, who is an artist in the real sense of the word, must be loyal to the ideal tendency in art; for ideas are the marrow of life, on which he must live; ideas are the center around which the form is wreathed; ideas are the living soul which he breathes into his images; they are the true sanctity of art, the seal which attests the artist's high calling, his self also to be a prophet of divinity."

Every artist must have his conscious rules and processes, but the genius works by inspiration. As Schelling so nobly says in his "Oration on the Arts of Design," "It has long been recognized that in art all is not achieved with consciousness; with the conscious energy must be joined a certain unconscious power; the perfect union and mutual interpenetration of these two creates the highest forms of art."

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY.*

MR. SMILES'S career as a biographer has been a successful one, judging solely from the popularity of his books. His English publishers announce that "Self-Help" has reached the large sale of 55,000 copies; the "Life of Stephenson," 20,000; and 15,000 copies of the "Industrial Biography" were taken up immediately upon publication. These were six-shilling books, while the three-guinea publication of "The Lives of the Engineers" has reached the proportionally large circulation of 6,000 copies. The third volume of this work, which contains a revised reprint of the life of George Stephenson, continued with that of his son Robert, completes the most compendious and reliable contribution upon its subject that has yet appeared. In America his Boston publishers have found his success equally marked. It is worth while to investigate the nature and reasons of this success.

One author remarks that the men who say good things have always a better chance of being remembered in literature than those who do them. Men, he says, who write a play or a book of poetry will secure a biography, where men who establish new branches of industry, or give a fresh impulse to society in connection with invention or production, are shortly forgotten. And there is a great deal of truth in this, while Mr. Smiles has shown that, when their trials and triumphs are properly presented for our reverence, there are a vast number who will not willingly let their memories die. Men are always entranced with heroism, but it is almost always that of the battle-field or the senate house.

* Industrial Biography: Self-Help: Brief Biographies: Life of George Stephenson: 4 volumes. By Samuel Smiles. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Lives of the Engineers, by S. Smiles, 3 vols. London.

It is one of the marked revelations of our later civilization that the elements of effective tragedy have been found without the pale of imperialism, and where sorrows may exist in all their pathos, even if not golden. When Lillo, in the last century, contended that tragedy could lose nothing of its dignity in striving to catch the conscience of the apprentice as well as the king, he entered his protest against this usurpation of the buskin, and in an important domain of art established a precedent that has exerted its influence within all its precincts. We have seen Macaulay as earnestly remonstrating against the "vile phrase" of the dignity of history, and showing by his practice that true dignity exists in whatever character is noble and impressive, irrespective of conventional rank. Mr. Smiles's books are written in the spirit of all such protests, and despite occasional inelegancies of style, and now and then an infraction of grammar—as when, for instance, he writes of the *lie* of the strata—they are read with gratitude and instruction.

Let us ponder the lives that constitute the civil and military history of governments, and we are impressed that the spirit actuating them so pervadingly is too often one of intrigue. If we turn to literature, up to the middle of the last century, we are shamed for our race to find the mendacious flattery of patrons the prime motive to publication; and, in a later day, the really few noble examples of those who have learned to labor and to wait, and scorned to pander to the popular notions of the hour for their authorial success, stand out in grand and admirable relief. It needs no large acquaintance with modern political history to discover how little proof the best of statesmen are against the insinuating allurements of mere partisan politics. In all these spheres we may find nobility, heroism, dignity, courage, honorable success; but how often, on the other hand, does intrigue and subserviency carry off the flaunting blazon of fame; while it is equally remarkable that such vile tricks do but rarely effect the supplanting of honest endeavor in the domain of mechanics.

The word that is written all over the escutcheon of the industrial arts is *PERSEVERE*. The barriers in the way of success in them are comparatively nothing if they be solely physical ones. The great inventor has always had more to encounter in the prejudices and shortsightedness of his fellow-creatures than in the stubbornness of his material. When Dud Dudley sought to cheapen and economize the manufacture of iron by introducing pit coal in the blasting process, the obstinate annoyance of the faithless might well have daunted him. Huntsman, who did so much to increase the wealth of England by the invention of cast steel, only received from his countrymen an acknowledgment of its value when the French, by importing his product, were found likely to eclipse them with their cutlery. In our day we have seen that Nasmyth's steam hammer, without which many of the great engineering projects of the time were impossible, only gained credit at home when it had successfully gone through a similar ordeal beyond the Channel. It is hardly flattering to the descendants of those ancient Scandinavians, the emblem of whose god was a hammer, that they should leave to the Frank the first recognition of this great instrument of modern engineering.

But the catalogue of obstinacy and prejudice is not a short one. Not a man has lived for a century who could allowably take more pride in his career than George Stephenson; and just contrast the constructive prophecies of this humble collier with the conservative disbelief of the pride of philosophy as represented in Dr. Lardner. When Stephenson had constructed his engine to run four miles an hour—the same which now, in commemoration of him, stands upon a pedestal before the great station-house at Darlington—and, with a vision of the capabilities of the steam-blast to utilize the locomotive, he announced his faith in a passenger-engine's attaining high speed, he went before Parliament to urge permission for the trial. There is hardly a rarer picture of intuitive knowledge breasting the assaults of ignorance and prejudice—and this in the nineteenth century. The legislators turned away with sneers and incredulity from the strong Northumbrian accents of that earnest man, and bowed complacent acquiescence to Dr. Lardner when he told them that the wheels might indeed be driven at such a speed, but they would spin upon the rail and not move the engine. Everybody knows farther how the doctor gibbeted himself for a false prophet when he pronounced upon the impossibility of ocean steam navigation and the impracticability of tunnels.

It was everything for Stephenson that his sanguine spirit was not in the train of doubt, but urged rather to progress, and his motto was *Persevere*, and what the result has been the world knows. Within twenty-five years the railway systems of Britain which he inaugurated extended to 18,000 miles, with 5,000 locomotives in use and 150,000 carriages, all yielding a revenue of £20,000,000 per annum. This was indeed a splendid evolution from the speculative faith of a single mind, and all within a third part of the time allotted to man. The details of the life of such a one, Mr. Smiles may well think, possess an interest hardly surpassed in the necrology of the century.

Yet Stephenson, with his trials, his difficulties overcome, his obstinate persecutors, his unflinching determination, and his lasting triumph, is but a type of what has been the

course of progress in mechanics in England from the beginning. The opposition that such men have had to encounter has come from the narrowest insight that the faculties of men seem capable of. It was this spirit that raised up the violent opposition to the establishment of penny posts, and martyred the poor porters they threw temporarily out of employment, with the cry of a popish contrivance. It caused the foolish onslaught upon the invention of "flying coaches" in the time of the second Charles, with the paltry excuse of preserving the art of horsemanship and the navigation of the Thames. It was this hostility that pursued the founders of the first saw-mill, and it maintained its virulence so effectually that a century later the handsawyers decreed the destruction of the second. Itounded on the vilest passions of the rabble, so that Kay with his fly-shuttle, Hargreaves with his spinning-jenny, and Arkwright with his spinning-frame, were obliged to fly from Lancashire for their lives. It instigated a class's self-debasement to the very level of the brute in only allowing canals to be dug on condition that the carriers superseded by the scheme should have the drawing of the boats. We read in our time of the gangs of rural laborers who have scoured whole counties in their wrath against the inventors, destroying the threshing-machines and whatever else the mind had conceived to lessen the burden upon the hand. We have seen artists, within a boy's memory, bewailing the discovery of the photograph as the ruin of portraiture, unable to see how the mechanic art might become their best friend. We have the instance of a noble marquis who forces a railway five miles out of its course to avoid his mansion, and then, as the truth dawned upon him, put to the expense of a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds sterling to build a branch for his own use.

These are the obstacles that make the heroism of industrial biography. Without impediment seldom has anything been achieved of lasting value. The true mechanic has sought such paths, for in such only are victories. George Stephenson said that no sooner had he developed additional power in his locomotive than the engineers neutralized it by increasing the grade. He made no remonstrance; he accepted the problem; he knew it was the needful incentive to still farther progress. His son Robert had no sooner thrown his tubular bridge across the half-mile of the Menai Straits than the two miles width of the St. Lawrence at Montreal dared him to greater exertion, and he accepted the challenge. Nasmyth was ready to recognize the soul of goodness in things evil, in the harassing strikes of laborers. He accounts them the incentives to much that has proved of the utmost value, for some of the most important labor-saving processes now in common use are directly traceable to them, manufacturers not being induced to adopt them till compelled by these combinations of their hands. Such, Mr. Smiles tells us, was the case with the self-acting mule, the wool-comber, the planing-machine, the slotting-machine, the steam-arm, and many others.

When we read these books, we seem to feel what is England's greatness in a way that we fail to comprehend in the page of her mere historic glory. Only think of the vantage that has been given to her from the culminating invention of Watt! Within the three kingdoms the power of steam is estimated at the labor of 400,000,000 men, more than double the number of males in the globe—and what had she been without it? She would not have shown us the Thames tunnel or the Great Eastern steamship; but let it not be lightly said that, because economic failures, they have not served a purpose by the sole token of a mechanic triumph.

GREELEY'S AMERICAN CONFLICT.*

WE bespeak for this work a fair hearing. Although not yet published, only a few specimen pages having been furnished the press by the publishers, it has already been made the theme of scornful comment by a portion of the opposition press. It is taken for granted that, because Mr. Greeley is a warm partisan and an interested actor in some of the events he will be forced to describe, therefore he is an unfit person to write a history of his times. Even the few pages that are in print have been mercilessly picked to pieces by some of Mr. Greeley's political and newspaper rivals. This is not generous, and we trust the world of letters will at least suspend its judgment until the whole work is written and in type.

This forthcoming book may not be exactly history, but it ought to prove a most valuable contribution to the future records of the great rebellion. The fact that it will be written by a participator in the fierce political strife which led to the war adds to rather than detracts from its value. So far as it reveals the passions, the prejudices, the aims of the most radical wing of the republican party, it will be perfect of itself; but it will not be history in the sense of Dryden's definition, "A reduction of the precepts of moral philosophy into examples." What the world demands of

* *The American Conflict: a history of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-64; its causes, incidents, and results, intended to exhibit especially its moral and political phases, with the drift and progress of American opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to 1864, by Horace Greeley; illustrated by portraits on steel of Generals, Statesmen, and other eminent men; views of important places, battle scenes, and diagrams from official sources, etc. Vol. I. Hartford: Published by O. D. Case & Co. Chicago: George Sherwood & Co.*

history is that it should be at once a truthful, dispassionate record and an impartial judgment of events and men, and Mr. Greeley's book, for obvious reasons, cannot fulfill either of these conditions. The causes which led to the war, the mismanagement that prolonged it, the mixed measure of praise and blame to be meted out to the actors in the great drama, and a connected and honest statement of the salient events of the war, political and military, cannot be written until long after the present generation of Americans have passed away.

Mr. Greeley has many personal qualities and accomplishments which ought to give his book interest and a wide-spread popularity. In the first place, he has undoubted honesty of purpose and conviction. He may be partisan, prejudiced, crotchety, unfair even, but no one can doubt that he believes intensely all he advocates. His readers therefore, to start with, are sure of honest if not impartial or wise judgments of men and things. In the next place, he is thoroughly conversant with his subject. He knows whereof he writes, and his sketches and portraiture will necessarily be full and graphic. He has a statistical turn of mind also, and a fondness for quotations and statements of facts which will serve to correct some of the bad mental habits engendered by daily journalism. But the chief attraction of the book should be the author's vigorous, racy, downright style. Though not liberally educated, he is a master of good idiomatic Saxon English. Often coarse and somewhat careless in his adjectives and epithets, he is never diffuse or feeble. He seems to have early learned, as a journalist, that to be effective he must write about something definite and always to the point. This rule seems simple enough, yet it is violated every day in every newspaper in the country.

Mr. Greeley himself and the journal he edits—for it is impossible to disconnect them—will occupy an important chapter in the future history of this great conflict. He is a representative man, and one of the most potent agencies in bringing about the rebellion was the aggressive, vigorous abolitionism of the *New York Tribune*. We say this in no spirit of censure, but simply as the statement of a fact.

There is not much to be said touching these specimen pages. To commend the book in advance because of them would not be just to the reading public, and to condemn them might be equally unfair to the publishers. The paper and printing are good, and the portraits given are well executed. We hope no superfluous modesty will prevent the author from giving his own portrait, for it certainly deserves a place among the notabilities of the great conflict.

As a matter of book-making taste, we object to the "newspaper" heads given on the title-page. "The American Conflict, by Horace Greeley," would have been much more appropriate than the elaborate explanatory wording of the "specimen" title.

Mr. Greeley's more ambitious attempts at writing are not up to the mark of his off-hand newspaper articles. His *Tribune* editorials are far more readable than his more labored essays in the *Independent*. He writes best when in earnest and anxious only to make his point. If he fails in this book in the matter of style and readableness, it will be because he will aim at a more dignified expression of his ideas than is natural to him. We must say, however, that these specimen pages are smoothly and often eloquently written, and if the whole book is as good as these extracts, it cannot fail to be extremely interesting. We again bespeak for Mr. Greeley's "American Conflict" a candid reception and fair criticism.

DRAMA.

SPIKING THE GUNS OF THE PRESS.

"The next star at the Winter Garden will be Miss Aronka Jones, a young American actress who played with some success last year in England, and has just returned from a tour in the West. Her engagement commences on Monday next, when she will appear in a new tragedy entitled 'Judith, the Daughter of Merari,' and based on the Scriptural and operatic story of Judith and Holofernes. The authors, adapters, or whatever of the tragedy are said to be Mr. Delisle, musical critic of the *Herald*, Mr. Nicholson, dramatic critic of the *World*, and Mr. Daly, dramatic critic of the *New York Courier*. It is understood that Mr. Delisle furnished the plot (from the opera), that Mr. Nicholson furnished the words, and that Mr. Daly furnished the rest."—*New York Paper*.

Whether the above statement is literally true, we do not pretend to know, but it is true in general, as the playbills of our theaters have of late years abundantly testified. Tampering with the judge is an old trick of culprits, and has long since by common consent been set down as the most impudent species of bribery. Time was that the public were enabled to place full confidence in the critical opinions of the newspapers, for in those days critics were men of position, of education, of experience, and felt an honest pride in being known in their sphere for ability and independence. This was first changed in this city by a notorious newspaper, which sold its opinion unblushingly. It established the terrorism of abuse, from which the victim could only escape through the shameless door of black-mail. No such villainy was likely to be imitated, and we believe that the infamy of direct cash bribery—so many dollars for so many lines—was pretty closely monopolized by the paper in question. The next inroad upon independent criticism was made by the Bohemian irruption. A crowd of needy adventurers, apes of a Parisian folly, managed to get scattered among the city press in the place of regular editors, and by dint of self-puffery, small wages, and a

willingness to do anything, regardless of right or justice, they for a time almost monopolized the department of dramatic criticism. Their egotism, unfairness, prejudices; their easy virtue and cheap prices; their arrogance, their spite, their utterly infamous and shameless plans to farther private ends, are now well enough known and fittingly despised. The next and present phase of the degradation of criticism is bribery by employment; and this, too, is a legacy of Bohemianism. One of their favorite means of eking out worthless lives was to concoct or translate or edit plays, to force them upon managers at large prices, and compel their purchase under implied threats of castigation in their journals if the victim demurred. Dozens of plays, of which not one in a dozen was worth the paper it was written upon, were thus crowded upon New York managers between about 1850 and the present time. Some of these were successful, but the larger portion were failures, and the bleeding manager reaped the ill will of the public, and ultimately the ill will of the scribbling herd of conspirators themselves, for all their pains. Between fear of their stings and sympathy for their forlorn selves, these Bohemians have for years made a fine business of selling stolen, revamped, and altered plays, stacks of which are now filling dusty pigeon-holes in the lumber-rooms of our theaters.

But the managers and actors have now invented a new and more pleasant relation with writers. Instead of shivering with dread as they see the critic invading the box-office with a suspicious roll under his arm, they forestall him in the market. Knowing from long experience the marvelous virtues of cash properly applied to the critical palm, and appreciating the proclivity of a purchased writer to betray and bite the hand that bought him, they have conceived the brilliant idea of dragging him into public view in advance, connecting his name with their own, and forcing him into a position where to fall upon them would be to commit suicide. The dodge is clever, the bait is tempting, and hence your critics are hooked as easily as gudgeons are. Not to mention many instances that have occurred in this city, we may observe that the shrewd manager of a distinguished American artist, when about commencing last year in London, played this Yankee trick most successfully upon the "Thunderer" itself. With audacity perfectly sublime, he took the play he meant to produce to Mr. Oxenford, the *Times* critic, gave him a fabulous sum to read it over and dot the *i's* and cross the *t's* (for indeed he did little else), and then blazoned to the world that this powerful play had been altered and arranged expressly for this great artist by the celebrated dramatic author and critic, etc., etc. Of course Oxenford's teeth were easily drawn under the chloroform of a Bank of England note; he was made to father the play, and any cutting-up that he might have felt bound to give it was rendered impossible. Fortunately for his reputation the artist was genuine gold, and he could write the praise for which he was thus indirectly paid in advance with a clear conscience.

Now it is clear that the distinct functions of advocate and judge ought not to be united in the same person. It is possible that a dramatist may judge honestly of his works, but he cannot judge without prejudice. He must have an affection for his offspring; and that partially extends to all that concerns it. Then, too, when the affected modesty of a critic in this dilemma breaks out in such a paragraph as this, which we have recently seen: "Of the merits of the play itself it does not become us to speak," the scent of bribery in all he has said becomes painfully manifest. It may be a very smart trick of actors and managers thus to muffle the press, but it is a little too plain in its motive to be agreeable; it is a sort of confession of judgment in advance of trial—a confession that they fear the unbiased opinions of the press so much as to seek to mould those opinions to suit their own views. As to the critics who are thus carrying water on both shoulders, there can be no two opinions. They are doing injury to the drama, doing serious damage to artists, and disgracing their profession (and themselves if possible) by uniting the bench with the prosecution—making the judge the plaintiff's attorney, applauding his violent harangue to the jury in behalf of his client, for which said client pays him a round sum, then shifting his coat for a long robe, and hoisting him upon the bench to charge the very jury he was just pleading to. We say that such mingling of incompatible functions is a moral offense fatal to every intent and purpose of criticism. It not only ruins the critic's value in cases where his own brats are concerned, but it necessarily invalidates his judgment in every other case. He has touched pitch, and is henceforth defiled. No purity of motive or honesty of character can withstand the mildew of suspicion that will creep over his name. And, farther still, his defection has a certain influence upon his brother critics, unless they are made of sterner stuff. They, too, dream of calls from managers and stars for literary jobs, and see visions of fat prizes to be won by inconsiderable effort. Hence they grow cautious in their writings, preferring to cheat the public of its just dues rather than risk the possibility of offending the person who may be at that moment deliberating as to the propriety of investing largely in the purchase of literary wares from editorial pens. We presume there are some critics quite above the suspicion of such mercenary motives; but that there are many who are just the reverse has been proved over and over again.

The upshot of the whole business is demoralizing to the stage and to the press. There is no honest reason for it. Critics are not necessarily good playwrights; on the contrary, they are often the worst of the bad; there are better dramatists in our female academies—far better among men in a dozen other professions. The only possible reason that an actor or manager can give for preferring a critic to do such work is a reason disgraceful to both parties—it is an open confession of bargain and sale: the artist or manager wants puffs, the critic can be bought, the investment is deemed a good one, and the bargain is struck; but, as the system is not yet quite up to cash in hand, the blind of writing a play is resorted to to defog the simple public. It ought to be considered a pretty fair achievement to catch one of these big bottle-flies at once; but we are living in fast times, and, if the paper quoted above is correct, the heroine now at the Winter Garden has bagged three at one fell swoop—

"Inastate archer! could not one suffice?"

MR. BOOTH IN "THE FOOL'S REVENGE."

THE experiences of Victor Hugo's somewhat obscure tragedy, "Le Roi S'Amuse," illustrate the truth of the old adage about finding a use for a thing if only you keep it long enough. Forbidden the stage in Paris, under Louis Philippe, it seemed at first an entirely superfluous contribution to literature. Time passed, however, and Verdi made it the basis of an opera, demonstrating its use in "Rigoletto." Every one knows the horrible story, so deftly wedded to music—the cruel climax whereat, after much villainy, the noble scoundrel walks gayly off, singing *La donna è mobile*. But this demonstration of utility did not stop with the opera. That peculiarly alert and able British dramatist, Mr. Tom Taylor, saw that the king might be made to amuse himself to some purpose in London if not in Paris, and hence "The Fool's Revenge." It was first

performed at Sadler's Wells in 1859, Mr. Phelps playing Bertuccio. Thus, in time, two of the illustrious muses have shown that what seemed fruitless at first was really a very profitable matter.

With the opera our public has long been familiar. With the tragedy it has only recently made acquaintance. This latter is now the attraction at Niblo's Garden, where Mr. Edwin Booth is winning the warmest praises for his personation of the jester. And the main reason that it is attractive is that this actor performs in it. Mr. Taylor, indeed, has very adroitly reworked the leading idea of Hugo's play, and has dressed up its incidents in smooth and sometimes graphic blank verse; but neither symmetry of construction nor melody of language avails to dignify a shocking theme. Though undeniably powerful, "The Fool's Revenge" is a very repulsive piece of theatrical mechanism.

Yet Mr. Taylor, respecting the claims of decency and taste, has improved upon the original story by divesting it of its obscenity and toning down its horror. In his version, the deformed jester, scheming for vengeance on the abductor of his wife, brings his own daughter into extreme peril, and finds himself thwarted and rebuked in thus venturing to assume a prerogative of Deity. This is a satisfactory arrangement—except that the villain's fate is not revealed—and it conveys a sound moral lesson. But the incidents are less praiseworthy, and the principal portraiture of character is, in its violent exaggeration, somewhat offensive to nature. Aiming, as he himself admits, at "the central secret of stage effect, climax," Mr. Taylor has achieved effects of only that kind which depends upon superficial contrasts rather than the conflict of opposed motives or profound passions. Thus the play is theatrical rather than dramatic.

But not wholly so. The character of Bertuccio, making due allowance for exaggeration, is still dramatically powerful. He is a deformed man, hideously ugly, loathed, despised, jeered at in the elegant butterfly throng of an Italian court. Yet under this deformity, made more ghastly yet by the trappings of a fool, he conceals a splendid mind, a heart of beautiful tenderness for his living daughter and for the memory of his dead wife, and a lurid lust for vengeance on his foe. Thus his soul is torn by conflicting passions, which, under abject circumstances, find utterance in his life. This conflict Mr. Booth interprets with fiery force and melting pathos. His personation of the part is one for almost unqualified praise. He costumes it admirably; and, whether as a malignant plotter, a tender parent, a fury, imprecating torments on his enemy, or an agonized man whose brain is almost bursting with the frenzied fear of awful impending calamity, he is truthful, magnetic, and impressive.

Aside from this character there is nothing in the play. The other persons introduced are mere accessories, of no interest in themselves. Indeed they almost tempt one to apply to Mr. Taylor—or M. Victor Hugo—the remark of Dryden on old Elkanah Settle—"He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great felicity in writing nonsense for them."

ART.

MR. BELMONT'S GALLERY.

MR. BELMONT has opened his gallery for one week for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund. It will close on Saturday. The worth of this collection has been recognized. It is sufficient to repeat a few of the names of the painters who are represented, to make known its remarkable richness. With few exceptions, the gallery is made up of works from the easels of the great men of modern European art—Gallait, Delaroche, Scheffer, Leys, Merle, Rosa Bonheur, A. Achenbach, Robert Fleury, Decamps, Willems, Meissonier. There are three pictures in the collection, to which we would direct special attention. We preface our remarks, however, with the reflection that our appreciation of pictures is determined by two things: the degree of our culture, and the needs of our temperament—which fact accounts for the preference shown by most persons for mechanical and trivial work. The greatest painting in Mr. Belmont's gallery, according to our judgment, is Louis Gallait's picture of the "Duke of Alva and the Council of Blood." Memorable and intense as a dramatic and historic work, rich and luminous in color, low toned, and executed with clean, yet free and masterly touch, it affects us as only a powerful dramatic conception thoroughly worked out in art can affect us, and remains in our memory as one of the few great examples of character intensely and adequately realized. It is a small picture, cabinet size, but it embodies the whole of that memorable and crushing despotism of church and state which in Alva and his Inquisition found its ablest, most inflexible, and cruel agents. Gallait has painted that Duke of Alva whom Motley fixed in history, and the world unites with the historian of the Dutch Republic to execrate his name. Severe, able, vindictive, Gallait shows him to us—a large, iron-nerved man, a man intent to find some weakness on which he may lay his crushing hand, and drown the laughter of the burgomasters in sobs of blood. Observe how well considered is his action in Gallait's picture. He sits, one hand to his face, finger pressing the cheek unconsciously, and his large, steel-cold, penetrating eyes look out from under gray, shaggy eyebrows; the other hand rests on the sword's hilt. Will, strength, power, in repose, but no signs of human tenderness, mercy, or love! What a contrast to that large-hearted, gay, chivalrous, noble Count Egmont, his victim! History offers us these two men on the world's stage, and it outdoes any antithesis which the dramatist has imagined.

In Gallait's picture there is a completeness of realization rarely found in works of the highest mental caliber. It is not Alva alone that the painter took pains to present in the very habit of his time and vesture of his body; but there is that typical monk, fanatical as though the fires of hell were in his heart impelling him with terrible zeal to do the devil's work in God's name, so firmly individualized that we think Gallait has given us a portrait; and beside him a large, gross-jawed, heavy-lipped, sensual priest. How we hate and detest both! The one, white and bloodless as his victims; the other, red and coarse with a vitality that extends not beyond the senses. The expression, the meaning of these faces is not to be put in words. The painter has gone beyond the limitations of language. And it is a witness to the force of his work that we view each face and figure as actualities, and hate them as we must. They do not permit us to remain unmoved. We are their judges or their friends. Looking at this picture, and remembering other pictures by Gallait, we recall Robert Browning's dramatic creations, and think how splendidly Gallait could interpret them, put them in form. He has intensity, sense of color, and severe thought, united to a feeling of all that is sensuously beautiful.

The second most remarkable work in Belmont's gallery is a little picture by Decamps. It is a rare treat to meet with a picture by a pure colorist. So few people know what is color in its highest

sense that our remark is not likely to receive due attention. To find a picture of color as we understand color, is rarer than to find a picture of thought or sentiment or genius. But in the picture by Decamps in Belmont's gallery we find such a one. It is simply an old barn-yard. The sun has gone down; there is no light but in the sky. Yet what a sky! It glows; it is mellow; it is wonderfully luminous. Then throughout the work, how truly the color of the light is made to pervade the dark! Stand off from this painting, and it will be seen as a spot of light on the wall. All the other pictures seem cold, colorless—mere paint, unvitalized by light—compared with Decamps's little study of color.

The third and last picture of the collection for which we have space to write is by A. Achenbach, and represents moonrise over the sea, while the sun is supposed to have just set in the west. This, too, is a wonderful picture in painting. It is a masterly example of triumph over the mechanical part of art by a poet. How true is this work! The low, shifting sand-hills, the look-off on the sea; and then how strongly painted are the figures! How well introduced! It is sweet to praise, to recognize excellence. We should like to write at length about this picture, but other matters are waiting for us, so we pass to write a few words about the

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

MANY seem to think that the Sanitary Fair so completely fills the public mind that but little if any room remains in our people's regard, for the Academy exhibition. We think differently. The large accession of sight-hunters during the exposition of the fair goes to swell the number of visitors to our academy. All that is necessary is that the artists do their duty, and send the best work of the year to the exhibition. The Sanitary Fair gallery is almost exclusively made up of pictures that have been exhibited. The works in the Academy will be new, and they represent the latest phase of thought in the development of art in this country—that is to say, in this city. The artists have enlisted too much interest in the academy to fail to do their best in making its annual exhibition a worthy and adequate representation of American art. If any artist flatters himself that the new building, the new galleries of the academy are more worthy of calling forth his best effort, he is mistaken. Good art, great art, does not depend on time and place. The palace of Versailles itself would not be sufficient to increase the worth of our art. True art, great art, is the growth of a man's own nature, and is not called forth by the pride and pomp and circumstance of architectural display. Next week we shall offer some items about the pictures to be exhibited at the thirty-ninth exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The exhibition will open on the 15th of April.

FRENCH ART INTELLIGENCE.

BARYE THE SCULPTOR.—We take the following from a letter written by an American in Paris:

"During my sojourn abroad, in the department of sculpture amongst modern works, I have, I think, been more interested in the productions of Barye than those of any other sculptor. His works consist almost entirely of animals, and, although he has been engaged more than forty years in the pursuit of his peculiar department of art, it has not been for more than ten years that he has attracted attention, and for scarcely five years has he obtained a popular indorsement beyond the circle of leading artists.

"He is personally one of the most interesting of his fraternity it has been my pleasure to meet. He is a man always of dignified and intelligent deportment, with the modesty and shrinking from public notoriety of a school-girl. A few years ago he was elevated to a professorship in the 'Garden of Plants,' in the department allotted to the wild animals, and as the past two years he has been employed on two life-sized equestrian statues of the first emperor, it is probable he has produced all the small works for casting in bronze to which he will be able to bestow any attention.

"Calling upon him with an American sculptor who was here on a visit from Rome, we had an opportunity of observing the careful and masterly manner his modeling was built up from the very heart of his objects, what a wonderful knowledge of the anatomy of the horse was displayed; and his laborious and minute study so impressed him that he raised his hands in wonder, and said it furnished him with entirely new incentives and new ideas in his art. I have yet to enter the studio of a single distinguished or leading artist in Paris who has not one or more of his things as prominent objects, and five years ago they were in few other places.

"Gerome said to me only a few days ago in his studio, 'Oh, if I only could do such things, I might hope my name would outlive me!' Ziem told me 'if his things were antique, people would fall down and worship them.' With allowance for his subjects, I do not hesitate to offer my very poor judgment that he is the greatest living sculptor. And yet his kind of greatness is certainly not that of the work of most of the sculptors of the present day. The work and aim of Barye is to sink his details in the faithful working out of masses—or rather his details are his masses; whereas others rely upon the external effect or finish, which is little more than mechanical; but they accomplish their purpose in a month, whereas a year scarcely suffices Barye for the same result. Look at the method of the latter—how masterly in form, how impressive and lifelike in movement and action! Observe the walking movement of the tiger, and the lion also; the repose of one and the action of another panther; the listening attitude of the deer, and the wonderful modeling of the little half-blooded horses; or look at the elephant, the most ungainly of all animals—how perfect in movement, form, and attitude—before, behind, or from any point you look at it! You see the menagerie elephant of your boyish days flapping his great ears and rolling his ponderous body along.

"With such assiduity and incessant devotion has this remarkable artist pursued his profession that scarcely any sculptor would have effected in eighty years what he has done in forty. He has no idea of traffic, and does not trouble himself about it. He will sell one to me at the same price that he would sell a dealer one hundred or one thousand, and with much more satisfaction; so the trade buy but very few, because they can get no advantage, and they are only simple nature—nothing fancy, nothing picturesque. His water-color drawings are as remarkable as his bronzes.

"Your friends who come to Paris will find that they cannot buy pictures as cheap as they can in New York. It is a recognized rule, and one acted upon by every artist here, to demand fifty to one hundred per cent. more from amateurs than dealers; both sides consider this just. It is very little the habit, on this account, for amateurs to visit the studios. Artists here consider it their business

to paint. The belief prevails that, if good pictures are painted, they will demand purchasers, and this is the theory particularly acted upon. Delaroche for thirty years of his life gave all his pictures to Goupil, without saying a word about prices, and Frère renews his contract year after year with Gaudart for all of his work. Art here is native, not exotic.

"PARIS EXHIBITION.—The day after to-morrow is the last day for receiving pictures at the exhibition. Amongst others I have called on to-day was Merle, and found he had just sold his two exhibition works at fabulous prices. One of them—a pouting child in care of an elder sister—to the Duke de Morny, the most distinguished amateur here, who had just left his studio, and engaged him besides to paint portraits of his wife and children. There is hardly any event which could occur to an artist here of more real importance and value to him, and you may well imagine that Merle was on a more elevated horse than before. It would cost very little now to insure his decoration the present year; so I take it for granted you have received in America all the works of this artist you will be willing to pay for this year; that is, from now his prices will be doubled.

"The exhibition will be good in second class and ordinary things, but among first-class artists it will contain nothing from Gleyre, Pils, Hebert, Cabanel, Jalabert, Baudry, Muller, and many others. Poor Troyon will never show any more work."

Expressing our obligations to the gentleman who gave us the foregoing very interesting letter, we would take occasion to remind our readers that a few of the bronzes by Barye written of above may be seen in the art-collection to be disposed of at the Dusseldorf Gallery on Saturday evening, April 9.

ART NOTES.

We have made our readers acquainted with Earnest Chesneau as a critic. It seems he has recently written a work entitled "*L'Art et les Artistes Modernes en France et en Angleterre*." The *Saturday Review*, in its weekly paper on French literature, speaks of it thus:

"Our readers are already acquainted with M. Earnest Chesneau's interesting work on modern painting. The book he has just published is, to a certain extent, a continuation of *Les Chefs d'Ecole*, for it treats of living artists, and the author has included in his sketches English as well as French painters. Realism, still vigorous, still gaining ground throughout the different branches of imaginative composition, has often within the last few years occupied the attention of critics and historians. Must we consider it as the final blow dealt to art by mere cleverness, or should we rather see in it the symptoms of a return to older and better traditions of painting? Nearly thirty years ago, M. Gustave Planche saw distinctly both the inevitable progress of realism and the service it might render to the cause of taste. M. Chesneau is of the same opinion, and takes a much less gloomy view of the future of painting than some of his fellow-journalists. After giving an estimate of realism from this point of view, he offers us a short sketch of the history of French painting from the earliest times to the present day. A chapter on English painting follows, which will doubtless be attentively read on this side of the Channel. M. Chesneau's criticisms of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Sir J. Reynolds, and the other best representatives of our national school, will naturally claim notice. He is very severe against the modern Pre-Raphaelites, on grounds the validity of which we cannot here stop to examine. He then goes on to describe the recent works of French painters and sculptors, concluding with a separate chapter on the late M. Eugène Delacroix."

SATURDAY REVIEW ON MULREADY.—"Yet even if our estimate on the point of common popularity be correct, Mulready is not likely to fail in preserving that place in the foremost ranks of English art which he has long held. Though the highest men in painting, as in poetry, will rarely be widely popular, yet there is a kind of halo round their works, a dim sense of greatness about their names, which affects and awes the least impressible or least cultivated spectators. And the class of subject which became gradually the favorite with Mulready (to define lastly, not only how he was gifted, but what gift he has left us) is not only original in itself, but is one which touches nearly our national sympathies. We have ventured to reckon grace as dominant over sense of character and power of humor in his mind. Hence we look for the specialty of his style in what, taking a phrase now common, we might call the English Idyl. In refined common nature, and humor united with tenderness, Mulready's later works stand alone; although, as our cotemporaries in France may prove to us, so wide is the field here open that it may be hoped he may find many fit successors. The three pictures from 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' with the 'First Love,' and the 'Child and Lascars,' may be noticed as amongst the most perfect of these idyllic compositions, alike in idea, in drawing, and in color."

ROGERS, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.—The *Athenaeum* contains a letter from Rome which is entirely devoted to sculptors. Mr. Rogers is written of as follows:

"Mr. Rogers, an American sculptor, is known to fame by the magnificent doors which he executed for the Capitol at Washington. They have been confounded with those which Crawford was commissioned to execute; but the history is as follows: Crawford's doors were for the wings of the Capitol, and the bas-reliefs represent the principal events in the Revolutionary war. On his death, in 1856, Cowpert, a German, was employed to complete them, and after him Reinhart. Mr. Rogers's commission, which was yet later, was for the doors at the principal entrance, and represents in bas-relief the most prominent events in the life of Columbus. Those splendid doors, already described by me in detail, were cast at Munich, and were set up only six weeks ago, just in time for the opening of Congress. Mr. Rogers has another colossal work on hand, which was, indeed, commenced by Crawford: it is the Washington Monument, which was to have been erected at Richmond. According to the original draft, the monument was to have been composed only of the equestrian statue of Washington and two other statues of Patrick Henry and Jefferson. Subsequently, he was commissioned to add the figures of Mason and Marshall; and yet later, two other figures of Generals Nelson and Marshall were ordered; but of the last four Crawford made no sketches. At this point Mr. Rogers took up the monument, and sent his designs of the four figures just mentioned, which were accepted. Crawford's intention was to have placed six eagles on the outer pedestals; but after his death six allegorical figures were substituted, seated, with military trophies, representing Independence, Justice, Revolution, the Bill of Rights, Finance, and Colonial Juries. The equestrian statue and three of the large statues are already erected. The figures of Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and Mason are waiting at Munich for the termination of the civil war, as are the allegorical figures. Another work in hand is for a colossal monument to be erected in Cincinnati. It consists of one figure of a soldier standing sentinel, and two bas-reliefs. The principal figure is 10½ feet high, to be placed on a pedestal of 30 feet in height. Mr. Rogers is at present modeling a beautiful statue of 'The Angel of the Resurrection.' The left hand extending downward indicates an attitude of attention for the signal to blow the trumpet, which is in the right hand, reposing on the bosom. The face, looking upwards, is full of life. Seldom have I seen a figure which presents such a union of loveliness and majesty. It is intended for a monument to Col. Colt. After describing such a statue, I shall not speak of busts of

Senator this or Governor that. Mr. Rogers is known well in England by his 'Ruth,' which was in the last Exhibition, and 'Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii.' Now that our Carnovale is over, the studios will be the resource of our idle population, and artists will stand some chance of patronage. Amongst the amusements provided for Lent are, I am glad to say, Shakespeare readings, by Mr. W. C. Stockdale, well known in Rome for his appreciation of our dramatic poet. H. W."

SOME NEW PICTURES.

ONE of the very best collections of pictures of the French and German schools that we have had in this city for a long while is to be sold at the old Dusseldorf Gallery, by Messrs. H. H. Leeds & Co. These pictures are all new to this side of the Atlantic, having been lately imported, and consigned to the care of Mr. Samuel P. Avery, an expert in all matters appertaining to art. The names inscribed upon several of the most excellent works in this collection are also new to us—those of Jalabert and Chaigneau, for instance, examples from whose studios we do not think had ever previously found their way to this continent. In the present appreciative state of the public mind with regard to art, these pictures will undoubtedly realize large prices, and it is likely that many of them are destined to grace the private galleries of some of our merchant princes, from certain of which it might not be injudicious to weed out a few so-called specimens of the "old masters," and to fill their spaces with works that, if new, are likewise charming.

By invitation of Mr. Avery there was a pleasant reunion of artists and members of the press on Thursday evening last at the old Dusseldorf Gallery, the occasion being a private view of the pictures referred to, previous to the collection being opened for public exhibition.

Among the pictures that seemed to attract most attention is a cabinet one by Jalabert, the subject of which is "Christ Walking on the Sea." The luminous halo that surrounds the figure of the Saviour is marvelously rendered, and the grouping and action of the occupants of the boat half veiled in the foreground shadow evince great artistic power. Of the larger pictures there is a very fine one by our old favorite Le Poitevin—a heavy, broad-beamed boat, rocking at the foot of a skeleton light-house, to the lantern of which one of the crew has climbed. Hugues Merle has a gorgeous picture here—Italy personified in the character of a voluptuous, dark-eyed contadina, a brunette of the loveliest type. The expression of the eyes is wonderfully real, and the picture is all aglow with rich color. This picture is of life size, but by it there hangs a small cabinet one from the same pencil—an exquisite study of a girl with violets in her lap. There is a tenderness in these small pictures of Merle that we have seldom seen surpassed. Not so pleasant to loiter before is "The Day of the Dead," from the pencil of Compe Calix—whom, by the way, a wonderful New York critic persists in calling Count Calix, just as if *Compte* and *Comte* were one and the same thing. This picture by Calix is conventional, and of the lay-figure born. A family group of peasants, proceeding to the churchyard to lay a wreath of *immortelle* upon the grave of some loved one. But the sentiment is alloyed by the way in which they pose themselves for their portraits. There is a beautiful small picture by Brillouir, entitled "The Connoisseurs," full of character and humorous expression. The finish and texture displayed in this little gem are of rare excellence. They are fine old gentlemen of the time of Louis Quatorze, are these "Connoisseurs," and the gusto with which they are discussing the points of a picture is absolutely contagious. What collection of French pictures would be complete without a contribution from Edouard Frère? Here we have a charming one called "The Industrious Mother," a handsome woman of the peasant class, seated, sewing, by the cradle of her infant child. Beautifully the baby is painted, and beautifully the mother. And there is another and yet smaller picture from the same cunning hand—"The Toilet," represented by an *espigle* urchin of tender years, sitting semi-nude upon the floor, and lazily pulling on his stocking. No picture in the collection attracts more attention than "The Truant" of Knaus, whose capital renderings of life and character are familiar to many of our readers. Few painters of the Dusseldorf school have so little conventionality about them as Knaus—few painters of any school better maintain breadth without slovenliness. The smooth, greasy, edgy Verboeckhoven is here with a group of his inevitable sheep and goats. It is not a very favorable specimen of a master for whom we cannot profess any profound admiration. "Poor Little Robin Redbreast" is a tender bit of still life from the pencil of Mlle. Louise De Guimard. The little warbler of European shrubberies lies dead in the snow; the bird is admirably painted. There are two or three pictures by Lanfant de Metz, in which, as usual, ugly, pink children prevail to a disagreeable extent. A cattle picture, by Troyon, is chiefly noticeable for fine feeling in the landscape—pasture-fields stretching away along a curving sea-strand. Careless drawing—too often the case with Troyon—is perceptible in some of the animal forms. The finest landscape in the exhibition is one by Chaigneau, "Winter in Fontainebleau." There is a solemn sentiment of woodland and glade in this picture, and a tracery of tree forms against the leaden sky, telling of the poetry that stirred the artist's mind, and the study that enabled his hand to develop it. Two landscapes by Corot are not of a very attractive kind. Clouds are not well represented by pincushions nailed against the sky, nor is the character of foliage convertible by that of flossed silk. There is some very rich color in Veyrasset's "Ferry on the Marve," but a parallelism of lines that is not pleasing to the eye. Tassett's picture, "The Coming Storm," is painted in a peculiar, chalky manner. His old blind woman may be true to nature, but she is likewise horrible to contemplate. Conturier comes, as usual, to our market with his fat pullets and their pugnacious swains; but we like better the little gems of Lemmens in the same line. A large landscape by Auteroche, Auvergne scenery and cattle, is somber and leaden in tone. There is a reminiscence throughout it of Brascassat, of whom this artist is a pupil. His rocks are not so rocky as they might be, but the beef of his cattle speaks for itself. We must not omit to note a sweet little picture by Duverger, "Old Eyes and Young Ones," represented by a pretty child threading a needle for her grandmother; and one by Castan entitled "Expectation"—a girl peeping, half timidly, from the curtained window to see whether "somebody" is looming in view. This little subject is remarkable for its simplicity and high finish. Space warns us against going into any farther details of these pictures, though many more of them are worthy of note. There are a few water-color drawings in the collection, but they are of a washy quality and lacking in force. The French do not excel in the

water-color branch of art. They have not yet repudiated the nearly obsolete manner of working over neutral tint, and the brilliancy of their colors consequently is lost in the process. It is about time that an effort were made here to accord to water-color painting the recognition to which it is entitled and which it has enjoyed so thoroughly in England for many years past.

PHILADELPHIA ART NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, April 1, 1864.

THE annual election of the Artists' Fund Society was held on Wednesday evening last. The attendance was full and the voting quite spirited. After several closely contested ballots, Mr. P. F. Rothermel was elected president of the society, a well-merited compliment to our most eminent historical painter, and one which will be received with pleasure by the friends of art in the community. The remainder of the ticket was but partially changed, the entire board standing as follows: president, P. F. Rothermel; vice-president, C. Schussele; corresponding secretary, J. R. Lambdin; recording secretary, J. F. Jones; treasurer, Samuel Sartain; librarian, G. W. Holmes; council, Geo. C. Lambdin, Wm. T. Richards, Isaac L. Williams. In the hands of such men the cause of art and of the artists, as presented by the society, cannot but advance.

The subject which chiefly occupied the attention of the meeting on Wednesday was the preparations for the Sanitary Fair, and the following resolutions explain the position and intentions of the artists:

Resolved, That each member of the Artists' Fund Society be requested to present to the Central Fair for the Sanitary Commission, if he be a painter, a picture, in size ten by twelve inches, more or less; and if he be not a painter, then work of his own to an equal value.

2. That a committee of three be appointed by ballot to collect such works of art as may be subscribed for this purpose.

3. That the committee be instructed to convey, collectively, such works to the Fine Arts Committee of the Central Sanitary Fair, as a gift from the Artists' Fund Society.

Messrs. Geo. C. Lambdin, W. T. Richards, and Alex. Laurie were chosen as the committee. These gentlemen, who so well represent the figure, landscape, and portrait painters, may, with the co-operation of the artists in general, get together a collection of which Philadelphia may be proud.

Mr. Rothermel, I understand, is at present out of town, and I have been unable to see the work he has now on hand; but a little picture which he has just finished for a gentleman in your city I have seen, and was very much pleased by it. It is a reproduction, smaller in size, of the head of Hypatia, which he exhibited at one of the late receptions. It is but seldom that we have from Mr. Rothermel single heads like this, but for my own part I cannot but wish that he would oftener descend from his martyrdoms and King Lear, and give us more such beautiful idealizations. It may be his calling to paint grand scenes, just as Mr. Forrest thinks it is his to do high tragedy; but when he can paint a female head as he has the Hypatia, he is no more called upon to neglect such subjects than was Shakespeare to create only Shylocks, Lears, and Iagos, who, however grand, would tire us, did not the fair Portia or Ophelia come now and then into the scene. It is impossible, of course, for one man's rendering of a character like that of Hypatia to fulfill every one's ideal, but we must admire in this picture a beautiful and noble head. The execution of this little work is much more careful than is usual with Mr. Rothermel, and its owner is fortunate in possessing so pleasing a specimen of his power.

Mr. J. R. Lambdin is engaged in painting portraits. Many of the heroes of the war have come under his pencil, and on my visit to his rooms the other day I saw several of these portraits which interested me much. There was Reynolds—a copy of the portrait which attracted so much attention at Robinson's after the death of this gallant officer at Gettysburg. This is one of the very finest heads I have ever seen of Mr. Lambdin's production, strong and rich in color. Then there was Zook, who also fell at Gettysburg, at the head of his brigade, and Meade himself. This portrait, painted from Gen. Meade during his last visit to his home in this city, but only now completed, will be gladly seen by all his admirers, and especially by those who have served under him, or in any way come in contact with that noble, kindly face and gallant bearing.

The room next Mr. Lambdin's in the Fifteenth-street building is occupied by Mr. T. Henry Smith, a pair of whose pictures I noticed in my account of the Artists' Reception two weeks ago. One of these is yet at his studio, a charming picture of a child warming her hands at a stove. Mr. Smith's works are delicate in drawing and tender in expression, though he has a tendency to red in his flesh tints which is sometimes displeasing. I noticed also two portraits which pleased me very much in drawing and effect of light and shade. L.

CHICAGO STUDIOS.

CHICAGO, April, 1864.

THE largest sized paintings upon Healy's walls are "Franklin at the French Court" and "Webster in the Senate Chamber." These pictures have been the pride of too many art-exhibitions to need more than a mention of their locality. It is in his smaller later works that he reveals his perfection and details. It is a proof of the superiority of this artist that all his works will bear the closest examination, and that the most rigid scrutiny fails to reveal that hard, daubed, gritty appearance which is characteristic of inferior artists.

In his portraiture of female faces, Healy exhibits peculiar excellence. Every woman's face becomes, under his brush, a reminiscence of the perfect Eve. No long ancestral line is allowed to defraud it of its rightful inheritance of beauty. These are not the faces I meet upon the street—replete with evidences of an inner life, instinct with the longings of humanity. O wistful, unsatisfied eyes! O patient, enduring mouths! The women who come to Healy's studio have softened their faces with tender regrets, but have never darkened them with despair and remorse. They have never known sorrow, and they hang in their deathless beauty upon the walls of art.

I was seized with an inquiring spirit, akin to that of the "gentle Elia" when in the churchyard.

"Initia," said I, hiding my face in my hands, "are there only two homely women extant?"

In this gallery there is the picture of a lady and child. The red, dewy lips of the mother are pressed to the rounded cheek of

the infant. The variations of light and shade upon the hair, and the exquisite peachy bloom upon the face of the woman, are perfect. The child, with his chubby hand closely clasping that of his mother, and the grave, receptive look peculiar to infancy in his clear eyes, is drawing back his head and partially rejecting the caress. The attitudes are very lifelike.

Near by hangs a picture of Spring. In her hat are wreathed lilies of the valley. The pouting red lips, the short rounded chin, the dark eyes half brightened by the sunshine of smiles, half-clouded by the mist of tears, and the whole face, with its indescribable mingling of present joy and swift-coming sadness, is the ideal embodiment of an April day. The shadow of the hat gives a fine effect of light and shade to the expressive face. Of Healy's management of shadows there cannot be too high praise. The shadow of the chin and cheek upon the throat in one female portrait, and the shadow cast upon the face by a fan in the portrait of a gentleman, are wonders of art. It may be the effect of the light in his studio, but all the shadows under the eyes seemed, in Healy's portraits, to be unnaturally intensified and deepened.

Near the entrance hangs a picture in which he has depicted lace with all its floating airiness, its gossamerlike texture, and made it above criticism, while it still seems at the mercy of every gazer's breath.

Our next *entrée* was into the studio of Mrs. St. John. Upon the walls were several copies from Healy, and it is evident that Mrs. St. John is a great admirer, if not copyist, of that artist.

The paintings in this studio show power in the transfixing of expression and great naturalness of attitude, but the coloring is crude and bears marks of carelessness. The principal conceptions are "Maud Muller," "Duck Picking," and "Kitty's Toilet."

In the first the attitude of the maiden is very expressive of coy, rustic grace. She stands proffering the cup with one bare, brown hand, while with the other she grasps, in her embarrassment, the corner of her coarse apron. The face of the squire is turned from us, but the elongation of ear which he displays is greater than is usually accorded to mortals.

In the painting entitled "Duck Picking" there are some very fine touches. The dead ducks lying in the foreground are exceedingly natural, and the men have an earnest, preoccupied expression which gives to their faces more character than is found in that of the woman.

If Mrs. St. John's mastery of colors was as great as her power of delineating expression, her painting entitled "Kitty's Toilet" would be perfect. A child is holding a kitten, while it subjects its fur to the proverbially unpleasant process to felines of a combing in the wrong direction. The complacent, self-satisfied expression on the face of the child, and the agonized look of the tortured animal, together with the semi-pushing, semi-scratching attitude of its hind legs, are all very successful representations.

In the studio of J. Fiske Reed are two exquisite bits of color. Both are autumn scenes. In one, amid a forest of dark green stands one tree blazing in crimson. The coloring is vivid, and it stands amid the sturdy denizens of the forest an embodied prescience of the coming autumn.

Upon the easel were a painting of Indianapolis and a Vermont view. In the latter, in the heart of the wood was a hollow tree, across whose mossy trunk slanted the flickering sunlight. The excellence of all the paintings of this artist seems to be a certain dramatic effect given to inanimate objects. All lights, all shades, all tints graduate themselves up to one central object.

"Initia," said I, "I thought, in my ignorance, that Fame carried a trumpet, but it seems she is content to speak through a reed."

On Washington street there is a common glass door which opens into the Room of Aspiration. It merits this name, for the most earth-clinging individual cannot but gaze upward while he stands in this chamber.

The soft ash-colored ceiling glows at certain distances into the richest, warmest tints, and daintiest bits of nature. I did not inquire particularly into the matter, but I have a vague impression that this overhead frescoing of landscapes was intended to convince dogmatists that earth could be very easily remodeled into a heaven.

In this room are hung some of the productions of Chicago artists. Among others are some landscapes by Alfred Sederberg, late from New York. There is considerable merit in some of the works of this artist, but he sometimes outrages harmony in coloring, and in his picture of "Jonkoping" the perspective is considerably marred.

On these walls are hung two landscapes by H. C. Ford. One of these is an "Illinois Prairie Scene," and has great beauty. The other is a "Lily Pond." There are a rustic bridge and a human figure, both well executed, and some delicate minor touches. But the chief beauty of the painting is that which has christened it. Here are not canvas and oil and paint, but the pond itself, burdened with all the snowy glory, and broad, indolent leaves of the lilies swaying upon its breast. There they float, moored upon their long, brown, slender stems,

"Cold as a coiling water-snake,"

while the hot summer sun beats down upon the earth. It is as if all the coolness and shadow had concentrated itself, and become incarnate in these "waxen wonders."

In the studio of Ford I saw a "Twilight Scene," by S. Z. Woodman. This artistic theft from nature is too small to attract public notice. There is a segment of yellow sky, filled with the tender yellow light of a dying day. Below it lies a tranquil lake, with purple shadows in the indentations of the shore. Over all is silently falling the cool gray of the coming night. There is visible a human figure, against whom you have a foolish jealousy because it comes so much nearer to the scene than you. The whole painting, with its tender, delicate beauty, disarms criticism, because it affects you like a secret confided to your care, and only to be reflected upon in silence and solitude.

The last and finest work of Antrobus—the portrait of General Grant—is now in Washington, and it is scarcely fair to speak of a dismantled studio.

At the art-exposition of the Northwestern Fair, Antrobus suffered by comparison, but his subsequent works have extorted universal praise. A portrait of General J. E. Smith, which has just left his easel, is considered a very good painting and a fair exponent of his present power.

In the rooms of Volk there are some exquisite monuments for little graves whose occupants have learned the speech of angels before that of men. One of these is a little vacant couch, whose thrown-back drapery, and tiny indented pillow, will thrill the heart of many a passer-by. It is as perfect in its details as the memory it commemorates, and as pure in its whiteness as the baby heart whose stillness it proclaims.

There is another child monument, in which a pair of outstretched hands lure to upward flight a bird on pinning wings. In both of these exquisite designs the workmanship is masterly.

The largest figure in this collection is the finest. It is that of an angel's, the downy plumes of whose wings seem to ruffle in the morning wind. In the profile there is a purity, a calmness, which silences you, and in the full face, which is turned slightly to the

right, there is an expression of love, hope, and humanity, which almost vitalizes the statue. One can readily believe that if Volk had been more faithful to his work, like Pygmalion of old, there would have been one seat less for mortals in Paradise, and one place more for a statue in this studio.

It is impossible to do justice to the symmetry in this figure. The rounded curves of the raised right arm, and the laxity of the muscles in the downward-pointing left, with the delicate beauty of the exquisite hands, are all perfect.

It now only remains for Chicago to complete her project of an art-gallery and centralize the creations of her chisel and her brush, so that din and dust and distance may not lie between and about them all.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN.

THE literary event of the past two weeks is the great Trade Sale which has just taken place, and which was to last eight days, beginning on the 29th of March and ending on the 6th of April. To say that it was successful in a pecuniary point of view, is to say but little, and only what might have been foretold from the history of similar sales in past years. It was more than a monetary success—it was a moral and intellectual one, and, like many other things that are occurring among us, a comment on the war—an interpretation of the crisis through which we are passing. The English journals tell us that we have fallen below the standard of European civilization; that we have ceased to be a nation of thinkers, if we ever were such; that we no longer read or write. There is no longer a literature at the North, they say; books are no more regarded there, only slaughter and pillage. They are fast lapsing into a state of barbarism. How much of this misrepresentation comes from sheer ignorance, and how much from pure malice, is not easy for us to decide; all that concerns us is the utter untruth of the charge—an untruth which ought to be apparent to every thinking man in England who takes the trouble to remember that we belong to the same common stock as himself, and which is apparent to every English publisher at all conversant with his business. The number of English works reprinted in this country within the last three years is a pretty good proof that we still have a little taste for literature left. And for American books which have been reprinted in England—histories, biographies, and novels, not to mention those which have merely been reviewed there—there are still stronger proofs, one would think, even with Englishmen, that we are not utterly sunk in barbarism. The fact is, literature was never more prosperous in America than at present. There was a time just before and after the breaking out of the rebellion when it reflected the unquietness of the American mind; when it sympathized with the uncertain state of public feeling; in short, when it was "unsteady," as they say of stocks. Some houses whose trade had lain chiefly with the South failed; others which had trusted it largely, struggled along as best they could. There was a lull in publishing, as in every other kind of business. But it was soon over, for whatever else your American foregoes, he cannot long forego literature. He must have books; if good, so much the better for him; if bad, so much the worse; but good or bad, he must and will have books. We read after our victories, and we read after our defeats, losing for the time the memory of both in the peaceful world of thought. A people who can do this in the midst of a civil war like ours is in the van of civilization, whatever its enemies, literary or national, may say to the contrary.

The catalogue of the recent Trade Sale possesses, or should, an interest beyond that which usually attaches to such productions. It is a large octavo, or thereabout, of 377 solid pages, containing the names of some thousands of volumes. It represents a portion of the stock of 125 different publishers in all parts of the country, the great cities on the seaboard figuring largest, as a matter of course; as 44 from New York, 25 from Philadelphia, 24 from Boston, and a less number from Cincinnati, Springfield, Auburn, Salem, Burlington, and Troy. They are divided through the whole eight days of the sale, the stock of a New York house, or a couple of them, being followed by that of a Boston house, or a Philadelphia house, as the case may be. To give any very definite idea of this stock would take us beyond our present object, which is not to review the catalogue, but to jot down a few facts and fancies concerning it. Those who are familiar with the subject, and there are few book-buyers who are not, to some extent know the character of the books of our chief American publishers. The books of the Messrs. Harper and the Messrs. Appleton, for instance, differ from the books of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. or Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, which last firm, by the way, was not represented at the sale—differ in kind and degree, in the style of printing and binding—differ in *to*. Each publisher contributed a sample of his wares to the sale—new and old—whatever he chose to put in, and it was sold to the highest bidder; the number of copies varied from five to fifty, or even higher, with the privilege, on the part of the contributor, of duplicating to any extent. And what an endless variety of books there were on the catalogue—histories, biographies, travels, novels, poems, juveniles, almost everything, in short, that could be called a book, and many things that could not—as photograph albums, stationery, envelopes, and stereotype plates! And nearly every publisher had all these works on his list, though some had their specialties; as, Mr. W. H. Appleton and Mr. E. H. Butler, illustrated works; Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., poetry; Mr. G. P. Putnam, Irving and Taylor, the Rebellion Record, and Mr. Frank Moore's collections of war-verse; Messrs. Mason Brothers, semi-historical, semi-biographical works; Messrs. Sever & Francis, the "Golden Treasury" series; Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., the Chambers' publications, and the best standard books generally; Mr. Scribner, Timothy Titcomb, Ik Marvel, and theological and philosophical works; Messrs. Barnes & Burr, educational and school books, etc., etc. They were sold—these thousands of volumes—at good prices, most of them reaching the trade prices, and some going beyond it. Many were duplicated twice and thrice over. There were twenty-seven copies of Parton's "Life of Butler" on the catalogue, but six hundred of it were sold. So with Messrs. G. & C. Merriam's edition of Webster's Dictionary; there were twenty-four copies of it on their list, and six hundred copies were sold, at an advance, too, of about eight per cent. on former prices. Irving's works sold largely, as usual, and Taylor's in sets. And the sweet poetess, Jean Ingelow, who has passed through five editions in this country and six in England. And most of the works of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., especially their "British Poets" and "Essays." All this, however, is from the purpose of our Note, which was to briefly chronicle the Trade Sale as one of the events of the time, and by no means an unimportant one as regards the civilization and prosperity of the North. It is the best proof that we could have of the latter, much better than the sale of pictures, which just now are the rage among a

certain class of our citizens, who have, or appear to have, more money than they know what to do with—a bewildering fact which leads them to do very absurd things under the pretense of patronizing art! It is not they who buy books, but a wiser, if poorer, class, to whom literature is as necessary as the bread they eat. And as long as they do buy them, we may be sure there is prosperity in the land, millions of greenbacks to the contrary notwithstanding. The Trade Sale is a proof of it.

The editors of the *Spirit of the Fair* having more copy on hand than they know what to do with, we are enabled to present a specimen of it this week in the shape of four poems, the paternity of which will be at once apparent to poetical readers. These poems are not to be understood as having been rejected by the editors of *Spirit of the Fair*, but as being superfluous for their purpose, an *embarras du richesse* by which the ROUND TABLE profits:

THE ENIGMA.

Who is Nature's worshiper,
Favor never gets from her.
Say, he seek her in the wood,
(One to her are Ill and Good!)
By her shade he is pursued:
She dogs, yet flies, the solitude.
Turn he to the face of Man,
White as a lily, or brown with tan,
(Caucasian or African.)
Let him catch her—if he can!
He may track her trail in the evening's fire,
But her stealthy steps like brands expire.
Under the sea, and aloft in the air,—
Here and there, and everywhere,—
The goddess hides, and eye abides:
Farther would you know, and see—
I am Her, and She is Me!

R. W. E.

SUPPER.

(Provençal Air: "Clair de Kitchen.")

I.

The supper bells shall ring,
Mary Jane;
The tea-kettle shall sing,
Mary Jane—
You smile, but you shall see
Some apple sauce for tea,
Mary Jane!

II.

I' faith! the bells have rang,
Mary Jane;
The tea-kettle shall sing,
Mary Jane—
And the apple sauce, my sweet,
Is much too sour to eat—
Mary Jane!

T. B. A.

THE LEGEND OF THE ABBOT WITTIBOLD.

In his cloister's still seclusion,
Sat the Abbot Wittibold,
Porling o'er a quaint old volume,
With a heavy clasp of gold.
While he turned its pictured pages,
He was suddenly aware
Of a shadow standing by him,
With unearthly scowl and glare:
"Qui est tu?" the Abbot questioned,
As he told his beads again;
"Me Sathanas, ad Infernum!"
Was the spirit's sad refrain.
"Ave Maria!" sighed the Abbot,
Passed the demon dark and grim;
For the sacred organ sounded,
And arose the vesper hymn.
Mortal, when thy life is darkened,
In the cloisters of the heart,
Say an Ave, like the Abbot,
And the tempter will depart!

H. W. L.

Mice are squealing in my cupboard,—
Never mice so small as these,
And I set my trap there dailly,
But they never bite the cheese!

So with thoughts my brain is haunted,
And they squeal there all day long;
But they will not bite the Stilton,
In the little trap of Song!

R. H. S.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have in the press "Bella Donna, or the Cross before the Name," by Gilbert Dyce; "The Perpetual Curate," a continuation of "The Chronicles of Carlingford;" "Homes without Hands," by the Rev. J. G. Wood; "A Peep at Washoe," by J. Ross Browne; the fourth volume of Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great;" and a library edition of Thackeray's novels, the first volume of which will be "Vanity Fair."

Mr. G. W. Carleton announces "Dr. Jacob," a novel; "Ned Locksley, the Etonian," a novel; "How to Make Money and Keep it," and "Under the Ban," a translation of the French clerical novel, "Le Maudite."

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. will soon publish "Dangerfield's Rest; or, Before the Storm," a novel of American life and manners; "Barbara's History," by Miss Amelia B. Edwards; and "Wood-burr," a story, by Rosa Vertner Jeffry, author of "Poems by Rosa."

Mr. Charles Scribner has in the press "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have in preparation "The Art Idea," by James Jackson Jarves.

Mr. Charles B. Richardson will publish "A Practical Introduction to an Original System of Graphic Illumination," by John J. Donlevy.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce "A Universal Dictionary of Proper Names," by Francis A. Teall.

Messrs. W. H. Kelly & Brother have in the press "Sea Shells for Christians," by Susan M. Waring; "Sacred Poetry, Selected from the Works of the Rev. Charles Wesley;" and "Beauties of Sacred Literature."

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will shortly publish "The Cliff Climbers," a sequel to "The Plant Hunters," by Captain Mayne Reid; and a second series of "Men and Women," by Mr. Robert Browning.

A new magazine has been started at Portland, under the title of the *Northern Monthly*. The editor, Mr. Edward P. Weston, has drawn around him quite a number of contributors, only two of whom, however, are known to us, Mr. John Neal, the veteran poet and novelist, and Mrs. Elizabeth M. Akers, better known, perhaps, as Florence Percy.

BOSTON.

Boston, April, 1864.

I HAVE noticed that our Cambridge printers have at last wrung from the English judges the admission that they can do work which is the equal in every respect of their famous Chiswick Press. The London *Examiner*, for instance, referring to the "Life of Prescott," says it is quite equal to the best work of the press of Mr. Whittingham. It is of the University Press at Cambridge, which has gained this judgment, that I propose to write this week. It will be recollected that the first press set up in the colonies was at Cambridge in 1639, five years after the General Court had established the school from which has sprung its university, and eight years after Winthrop and others, in the season following their arrival in the land, had fixed upon that place for a settlement. The printer, who came over in the autumn of 1638, charged with the management of the matter, was one of a family that had become famous in typographical annals. John Day had been one of the most efficient promoters of the English Reformation by his editions of the Bible, Fox's "Martyrs," Ascham's works, etc. His three sons wore the surplice, and fought polemical battles, one of them, however, Richard, being a printer as well, and was the first to systematize the use of the hitherto interchangeable *i* and *j* and *u* and *v* in type. The printer of New England was named Stephen Day, and the press he brought with him was the gift of the Rev. Mr. Glover, a Nonconformist clergyman, who died on his way over. The records show other benefactors in some gentleman of Amsterdam, who gave "forty-nine pounds and something more toward furnishing of a printer press with letters." The press was set up in the house of the head-master of the school—the title President not being applied till the next year—and Day began his labors "by direction of the magistrates and elders." This was the beginning of the University Press. The first sheet struck off was "The Freeman's Oath;" then came an almanac made by William Pierce, mariner, the forerunner of the most beautiful and accurate tabular printing for which this press has in our day become so celebrated. Their first book was the Psalms "newly turned into meter," in 1640. During Day's control of the press there were also printed there a catechism the; "Body of Liberties;" one hundred laws in 1641; and a second edition of the Psalms in 1647.

Samuel Green succeeded to Day in 1648, who printed the next year "The Cambridge Platform," but his most extensive work was probably the Colony laws in 1660, the cost of publication of which is reckoned at the equivalent of \$5,000. Under Green the press became known even in Europe. Thomas says that the press of Harvard College was for a time as celebrated as the presses of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in England. For the first thirty years of its existence its chief productions were of a religious character, and those of Eliot the Apostle gave it its greatest prominence.

In 1654 the office was taken into the service of the Colonial commissioners, and soon after its capacity was greatly enlarged under the auspices of the "Society in London for the propagation of the Gospel in New England," Marmaduke Johnson, a printer, being sent over by them, with additional apparatus. In 1658 the printing of the famous Indian Bible was begun—a copy of which, by the way, I see announced as among the treasures, to be sold soon at auction in New York, that belonged to the late Mr. John Allan. The New Testament version was issued in 1661, and in 1663 the whole Bible was completed. It was reprinted at the same press twenty-two years later in an edition of a thousand copies, nevertheless it is now very rare. Eliot also gave the Indians, through the means of his press, an opportunity of reading in their vernacular a Psalter, Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and a catechism, which last was the precursor of this Indian literature, being printed first in 1653. It were wearisome to enumerate other of these early works, some of which are now in the University library.

Over this office was early fought the battle of the liberty of the press. Its conductors were not always so good judges of thorough orthodoxy as the General Court, and the weightier power put them under the control of licenses in 1662. The shackles were soon loosened, but only again to be put on more firmly, and the president of the college was made the head of a licensing-board. The court, however, was not always satisfied with their restraints, and went so far as to prohibit the continuance of work on an edition of "The Imitation of Christ," which the licenser had allowed to proceed. Two hundred years later this work of a Catholic monk received the imprimatur of a rival press at Cambridge without perhaps a solitary legislator on Beacon Hill knowing the circumstance.

The first building prepared specially for the press was in 1655, and up to that time it had been worked under the roof of the president's house. For twenty-five years it remained the only printing establishment in the Colony, when the second was formed in Boston, while the Cambridge office had been fifty years in practice when the first press was set up in Philadelphia; and it was not till seventy years had passed that William Bradford began printing in New York.

It were tedious to run down the list of changes in its proprietors, and to trace the progress of its development until to-day. Occupying the largest premises in New England, and probably possessing the most celebrated name in the country, the University Press, as now conducted by Welch, Bigelow & Company, is a model printing-house in every respect. The senior partner has a high reputation among those versed in the mechanism of his art for skill and judgment. A clever draughtsman himself, the head and tail pieces, which it is now the fashion to introduce for the ornamentation of printers' work, proceed from his pencil to the founder, and the excellence in this respect which the "Life of Prescott" and other of their recent productions evince, are directly chargeable to his personal care. Mr. Bigelow has been for twenty years or more connected with the press as its reader, and he enjoys the reputation of being the most accurate corrector, and of having the most practiced eye for an error, employed in any printing-house in the country. The world little knows the persevering and unostentatious labor that belongs to a "reader," and very loosely reckons at a low estimate the capacity and knowledge of one whose sphere they are prone to conceive rather more mechanical than otherwise. The thorough reader, however, is much the guardian of the author's reputation, not to say maker of it in some essential points. Prof. Peabody, in the last *North American*, sums up the requisite duties of an editor of such a periodical after many years' experience, and what he says of his own sphere ap-

plies equally to the experience of a perfect reader. The professor says that of our good writers not one in ten has the skill or patience to prepare his "copy" for a blameless passage through the press. Then too, he adds, so various and so frequently careless are the habits of even learned men as to references, quotations, and statements resting on the authority of others, that a careful editor feels it incumbent on him to verify whatever he publishes. And it is this verification that likewise falls to the lot of the first-class reader; and to enable him to accomplish it, as in the case of Mr. Bigelow, studious habits, and the propinquity of a large library like that of Cambridge, are thoroughly essential. There are hardly two men in America of equal fitness in this capacity with Mr. Charles Folsom and Mr. George Nichols, both ripe and excessively correct scholars, who have at different times been connected with the University Press as readers, and it is under their tuition that Mr. Bigelow has attained his remarkable proficiency. The reader may recollect how much Mr. Folsom had to do with the final shaping of Prescott's sentences, as appears by the "Life," while Mr. Ticknor himself, as well as many others, bear testimony to the great taste, judgment, and accuracy of this "Cambridge Aldus," as Prescott called him. In reading the historian's sheets, Mr. Folsom went to the limit of a reader's duty. He not only corrected slips, but offered suggestions, not necessarily such as he approved, but merely hints for the author's consideration. Prescott says he rarely accepted a third of them, but acknowledges, nevertheless, the value of their experimental character. Mr. Folsom's name stands, to the eye of the initiated, behind that of some of our most important laborers in literature upon their title-pages.

There is another accomplishment of a printing-house that few can imagine how rarely it is attained. It is often asserted that the modern printer falls greatly below the Alduses and earlier practitioners in this respect; that the multitude of books that are now put forth dissipates the great care that used to be bestowed upon a single book, of the days when the proofs were put out to the world with a reward for the detection of an error. There is hardly another of our American presses that has attained a reputation for accuracy with the "University." Some of their productions, particularly that most difficult style of rule-and-figure printing used in astronomical tables, has incited the admiration of the adepts here and abroad. The almost insurmountable difficulties in attaining absolute accuracy in such work led Babbage and subsequent inventors to perfect a machine to nearly supply human volition in not only calculating, but printing the results. It is stated in Mr. Smiles' recent "Industrial Biography"—the Boston edition of which, by the way, is printed at this press—that in a multiplication-table, prepared by a man so eminent as Dr. Hutton for the Board of Longitude, no fewer than forty errors were found in one page taken at random. In the tables of the "British Nautical Almanac," where the greatest possible precision was required, one person detected more than five hundred errors, and it is held that such errors are unavoidable while the ordinary modes of calculating, transcribing, and printing are in use. Hence it was Babbage's endeavor to supply by mechanism the want of perfectness in the human powers. As so often happens, the prime inventor never reached his aim, but Swedish mechanics have since perfected his idea, and a copy of it, with improvements, is said to be now working out annuity and other tables for the Registrar-General of England at Somerset House.

But in the usual processes of registration by type-setting, no press has acquired the reputation of the "University." The "Nautical Almanac," which is here electrotyped for the United States Government, has never been equaled as a specimen of this kind of work. The *Astronomical Journal*, and the tables of the Observatory at Cambridge, which, when sent abroad, have been commended as marvels in this style of printing, are also printed here.

In the more easily, yet not by any means readily attained accuracy of the readable page, this press has long been noted. I have recently spoken in these letters of the inaccurate printing of the Chiswick Press, as shown in some of Pickering's publications, which have nevertheless stood highest in public esteem for every merit that books should possess, but our Cambridge Press will not suffer by comparison. Prescott, who studied this accuracy of types, said of the first edition of Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," which was printed here, that he doubted if any similar work of erudition has been executed by a foreign press with greater accuracy. It ranks certainly ahead of every other press in the printing of Hebrew and Greek. It was the first to introduce the Porson type of the latter language in American work, the first book being one of the late President Felton's edition of "Isocrates," published by John Bartlett in 1847. This type, it will be remembered, was cut after the old Grecian's MS., which was remarkable for its beauty.

In the printing of engravings they have attained the highest excellence, as the recent "Daleth" shows to the popular eye. Agassiz says of Harris's "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," that it is the finest work of the kind in existence, and that its illustrations on wood have never been equaled. In law literature, of which they have done a very large amount, they have acquired a reputation for precision that gives a great value to their imprimatur. In general literature, the edition of De Tocqueville, which they got up for Mr. Bartlett a few years ago, has been widely known for its tasteful accuracy, the plates of which are now owned by the Cambridge house of Sever & Francis, who also have had their beautiful books of "The Golden Treasury Series" printed on this press, the next in order being an elegant edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with illustrations by Stothard, which they have now in hand.

The University now possesses fifteen presses, employs about a hundred hands, and combines in itself the most complete facilities of any press in New England in its electrotyping, stereotyping, and printing apparatus—means, however, altogether inadequate to enable them to answer all the demands upon them.

I have spoken above of their ornamental figures. Their fonts of type are unsurpassed for variety and elegance; and the best punch-cutter in Europe is now employed in making for them an entirely new series. Mr. Welch has given great attention to the artistic part of his calling, and is thoroughly conversant with all the arts that go to make a page delightful to the eye, in preserving the proportions of the page and the type, and with all the minutiae of taste that decide upon the "weight of face" of the type, the spaces, and the marginal surface, not to mention more particularly his experiments in attaining the greatest perfection in ink, and in setting upon the fittest gradation of tint in the paper. Gould & Lincoln issue this week "Satan's Devices and the Believer's Victory," by Rev. William L. Parsons. I shall refer to it again.

Crosby & Nichols have in press "A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England," by Robert Carter. This gentleman is known in New York from having been for some years connected with the city press, and was one of the chief collaborators on Appleton's "Cyclopedia." The cruise in question was made some years ago in company with a party of scientific gentlemen and others.

"Haunted Hearts," by Miss Cumming, in press with Tilton & Co., is an American tale, the scene laid in New Jersey in 1812, with reminiscences of the Algerine war of that period. They have also in preparation a popular treatise on "Vegetable Culture," to match their book on "Flowers," by Mr. Rand, and a treatise on the making of wax-work.

FOREIGN.

WE learn odd things about ourselves sometimes from the foreign journals—facts which have no existence save in the muddled fancies of the writer. Here is such a one from a review of Mr. Epes Sargent's novel of "Peculiar" in the *Reader*: "In America 'Peculiar' is the book of the day; is being read by all readers, talked of by all talkers, and 'heard of' by all listeners. In every society, from the ball-room to the bar-room, from the library to the counting-house—to say nothing of the streets—it is uppermost in men's mouths and minds. So we gather, at least, from the American journals, and Mr. Howitt's exhilarating preface, in which, while introducing the work to the English public, he excites no little curiosity concerning it."

We cannot undertake to say what may be in Mr. Howitt's preface, but certainly no American journal ever contained anything that would justify such an exaggerated statement as this.

The *Saturday Review* falls into the same mistake concerning the immense popularity of "Peculiar," and is as insolent as usual:

"The political earthquake," Mr. Howitt says in his preface, 'has for a time struck dumb all Transatlantic thinkers—there has been an awful but a pregnant silence.' Transatlantic people, that is, have been speechifying, liquoring, making money, doing anything in life but fighting, which has mostly been done by deputy, and thinking, which unfortunately has not been done at all. But the silence has been pregnant all the while. *Parturient montes*, with the proverbial issue; in due time, *nascetur*—Mr. Epes Sargent; and here he is, with Mr. William Howitt for his dry-nurse. If the latter is not abusing a nurse's privilege of romancing about her bantling, the book is at this moment flashing through the United States, like a new *Uncle Tom*, by its thousands and tens of thousands—*Peculiar* here, *Peculiar* there, *Peculiar* everywhere.' Mr. Sargent is the 'Chambers of America,' though we cannot recollect the occasion on which Messrs. Chambers ever did anything absurd enough to deserve the comparison. He seems to be quite at ease as to his having made his fortune by the hit, and says loftily, 'Here are my corrected sheets to the eighth edition of a work but a few days old; present them to your countrymen, and pay over the profits due to me to the fund for the relief of our wounded soldiers.' The words 'authorized edition' on the title-page, and a notice at its foot that 'the English copyright of this work is the exclusive property of the publishers,' look a little more business-like and a little less heroic than this airy vaporing; and possibly the magnanimous letter has an unedited postscript—'Please make the payments in gold; Transatlantic thinkers have a weakness on the subject.' If we are uncharitable, we are sorry for it; but Mr. Howitt's way of doing the *claqueur* has an unpleasant flavor of Barnum about it."

A page of this stuff, which pretends to be criticism, concludes as follows:

"We really do not wish to speak unkindly of what may almost be said to be the one literary production of the North during three years of travail. The consumption of paper in story-telling is so much more innocent than its employment in the fabrication of greenbacks, the breach of the ninth commandment so much less palpably iniquitous than that of the eighth, that, if we could honestly have spoken well of this book, we should have done so. But the thing is dull; and we are obliged to add, snobbish. Even for its professed object, we take it to be a stupid and gross mistake. We love slavery as little as Mr. Howitt or Mr. Sargent, and can hopefully look forward to the time when it will be either mitigated into serfdom or abolished altogether. But if anything in this direction is to be accomplished within any assignable limits of time, certain prerequisites are indispensable. Abolitionists must, first, tell the truth; next, they must cease to be pharisaical; finally, they must imitate the English example, and do it at their own expense, not at that of somebody else. The result will most certainly not be accomplished by the artillery of catchpenny popguns and the cheap philanthropy of profitable 'Peculiar.' But very likely the person who wrote the book will be a good deal surprised that so much powder and shot has been wasted upon him. We fancy he simply wrote an anti-slavery book because he thought it might happen to pay."

"The Book of Days," a bulky but entertaining compilation of the Messrs. Chambers, gives us a poem by Thomas Campbell which we do not remember to have seen before. It was written by him in a copy of his poems containing "The Battle of the Baltic," which copy he presented to a Danish litterateur named Feldborg, who resided in England, where he brought out a book of considerable merit entitled "Denmark Delineated."

"Think me not, Danish stranger, a hard-hearted pagan,
If you find, midst my war-songs, one called 'Copenhagen,'
For I thought when your state join'd the Emperor Paul,
We'd a right to play with you the devil and all.
But the next time our fleet went your city to batter,
That attack, I allow, was a scandalous matter.
And I gave it my curse, and I wrote on't a satire.
To bepraise such an action of sin, shame, and sorrow,
I'll be — if I would be the laureate to-morrow.
There is not (take my word) a true Englishman glories
In that deed—'twas a deed of our merciless Tories,
Whom we hate though they rule us, and, I can assure ye,
They had swung for it if England had sat as their jury.
But a true to remembrance blackened with pain,
Here's a health to yourself, and your country, dear Dane.
As our nations are kindred in language and kind,
May the ties of our blood be the ties of our mind.
And perdition on him who our peace would unwind!
May we struggle not who shall in fight be the foremost,
But the boldest in sense—in humanity warmest;
May you leave us with something like love for our nation,
Though we're still curs'd by Castlereagh's administration;
But, whatever you think, or wherever you ramble,
Think there's one who has loved you in England."

TOM CAMPBELL.

"London, 30 Foley place,
Great Portland street, July 11, 1822."

"The Book of Days," it may be superfluous to state, has been reprinted by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

The last number of the *North British* contains a short paper on "Bibliomania," written for the double purpose of saying a few words in defense of that abused hobby, and of ventilating a number of literary curiosities in the possession of the writer. He defends the taste of the bibliomaniac for old editions, as opposed to that of the general reader for new ones, on the ground that the latter are not to be depended upon, citing several instances in proof of his assertion, among others that of "Paradise Lost," of which, he declares, there has not been a single edition since Milton's own time in which the text has been given strictly as the author left it. His remarks on Milton's orthography are ingenious, but not of much weight as far as his great epic is concerned, from the fact that Milton himself could neither write nor correct its text. That soveran stands therein for sovereign, perfect for perfect, thir for their, fluts for flutes, etc., is no proof that Milton was in favor of an affected mode of spelling, but rather that he was at the mercy of his amanuensis, who is understood to have been one of his

daughters, and that overworked man of letters—the proof-reader. The chief interest of the paper, however, is in the writer's account of a number of books which formerly belonged to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and which contain his annotations. One of these volumes is an early copy of Southey's "Joan of Arc," the margins of which are scored with rather savage criticisms, mostly verbal, from the pen of S. T. C. Others were from the library of Wordsworth, whose books as a general thing were in the most wretched condition (it is De Quincey, we think, who tells us of Wordsworth's cutting open the leaves of Southey's books with a butter-knife!) and seldom contained anything beyond his autograph and residence, "Rydal Mount." A volume of "Logan's Poems," which formerly belonged to John Miller, of Lincoln's Inn, contains an additional stanza to the famous "Ode to the Cuckoo," which stanza is said to have been found among the papers of Dr. Grant, one of Logan's executors. The stanza, which follows the last in the printed version, is as follows:

"Alas! sweet bird, not so my fate:
Dark scowling skies I see,
Fast gathering round, and fraught with woe,
And wintry years to me."

The feature of the *North British*, however, is the long and admiring paper on William Makepeace Thackeray, by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh.

We have already quoted from Mr. John Campbell Shairp's recent volume, "Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral," a collection of Scottish poetry which has attracted a good deal of attention. We give to-day a hunting-song, which is much above the average of such verse:

THE HUN.

"Hark holla! brave hearts!
'Twas the hounds I heard;
With the sound of their going
All the land is stirred.
They have made every peasant
From work stand still,
With gazers they've crowned
Every crag and hill."

"And the plowman cried loud,
By my team I stood,
And heard them crashing
Yon old fir wood.
Down yon ash-tree river banks,
Where the sunbeams slant and fall,
Flushed the dappled hounds,
Making the dells musical.
For sweeter they be,
Than any chime of bells,
The melodies that linger
All year in yon dells.
Till the hounds come by and awake them."

"And the peddler answered,
From beneath his load,
At noon they went streaming
Right o'er my road.
From the farmsteads the lassies
Rushed out to see,
How they skimmed like swallows,
Over plow and lea.
As they went to the hills
What a head they bare!
Like snow-drift scudding
On the stormy air,
And few were the steeds could o'ertake them."

"Forward waded the shepherd,
They are west away,
On the moorlands starting
The plover gray.
Ever on as they sped,
More mute they grew,
And the riders waxed fewer,
And yet more few,
Till only one hunter attended."

"And the widow, as she sat,
On her lone cottage-floor,
Heard their cry thro' the dark
On the midnight moor;
And at morn came the worn hounds
Home, one by one,
And the huntsman knew
That the chase was done,
Never knew how nor where it ended."

We take the following pretty song from a late volume of verse, "Sonnets, and other Poems," by G. H. W.

LONGEST AND SHORTEST.

"The sweet west wind is flying
Over the purple sea,
And the amber daylight dying
On roadway, hill, and tree;
The cattle-bells are ringing
Among the slanting downs,
And children's voices ringing
Glad echoes through the towns.
'O summer day! so soon away!
The happy-hearted sigh and say—
'Sweet is thy light, and sad thy flight,
And sad the words, Good night! Good night!'"

"The wan white clouds are trailing
Low o'er the level plain;
And the wind brings, with its walling,
The chill of the coming rain.
Fringed by the faded heather,
Wide pools of water lie;
And birds and leaves together
Whirl thro' the evening sky.
'Haste thee away, O winter day!
The weary-hearted weep and say—
'Sad is thy light, and slow thy flight,
Sweet were the words, Good night! Good night!'"

Mr. Froude's first and second volumes of the "History of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth" have passed to a third edition.

Mr. Thomas More Madden, M.D., has in the press a work entitled "On Change of Climate; a Guide for Travelers in Search of Health."

Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams will soon publish "England's Premiers from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel; with a Sketch of the Political History of England under the House of Hanover."

A few days after the appearance of "The Life of Cæsar," by his Majesty, Napoleon III., we are promised a drama with the same title, the joint production of MM. D'Ennuy and Mœgaard, the latter of whom is the emperor's private secretary. They hope, it is said, and not without reason, to profit by the sensation occasioned by the imperial biography.

Goethe and Lessing are about to be translated into Hebrew, the former through his "Faust," and the latter through his "Nathan the Wise." Several alterations are to be made in "Faust," both the hero and his demon Mephistopheles yielding place to two corresponding characters of ancient Jewish legend.

The name of Mr. Dickens's new serial, the first number of which is to be published on the 30th of April, is "Our Mutual Friend." The title is not very suggestive, though, if any living writer can make a story to fit it, it is Mr. Dickens.

Among recent deaths we may mention that of Mr. William Andrew Chatto, an English author of some reputation in special departments of literature. He compiled the letterpress to Mr. Jackson's "History of Wood-Engraving," wrote a volume of "Facts and Speculations on the History of Playing Cards," and a couple of semi-rambling works, "Scenes and Recollections of Fly-Fishing," and "Rambles in Northumberland." Besides these works he wrote largely on a variety of topics, contributing to the

periodical literature of thirty years ago under the signature of Stephen Oliver, and starting, some eight years later, a comic serial of the *Punch* order, named *Puck*. It was not successful, though it numbered among its writers the contributors that afterward raised its successor to fame and fortune—Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. Sterling Coyne, and others. Mr. Chatto was often employed by booksellers and engravers to write prefaces and introductions for them, a kind of pick-work which he performed with consciousness and ability. He died at the Charter House.

Mr. Henry J. Byron, of "burlesque" notoriety, will commence a new novel in the April number of the *Temple Bar Magazine*.

Miss Annie Thomas, whose clever tale, "The Cross of Honor," was recently reprinted by Messrs. Follett, Foster & Co., has a new novel in the press entitled "Sir Victor's Choice."

Mr. Paul Bedford, an English comedian of note, is about to publish his autobiography under the title of "The Recollections and Wanderings of Paul Bedford, dedicated to his Patrons, the British Public." It will comprise, it is said, reminiscences of actors and theatrical life, both London and Provincial, for the last fifty years, and will doubtless be a readable addition to the already large library of English theatrical biography.

Mr. Charles Reade has written a new preface to the second edition of his novel "Hard Cash," in which he cites a number of cases from actual life in support of his view of the evils of the private mad-house system.

The popularity of Mr. Spurgeon may be gathered from the fact that a little volume of selections from his discourses, "Gleanings among the Sheaves," sold to the extent of eight thousand copies on the day of publication.

Mr. Christopher Cooke has recently published "A Journey Due East, being the Journal of a Five Months' Trip to Lower Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey, in the winter of 1862-3."

Mrs. Oliphant's touching biography of the Rev. Edward Irving has reached a third edition.

M. François Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare is now finished. He is said to have received 50,000 francs for his works, a large sum for a translation of Shakespeare into French.

Some idea of the number of readers attached to Mudie's great circulating library may be gathered from the fact that one thousand copies each have been ordered for it of Mr. Anthony Trollope's last novel, "The Small House at Allington," and the last volumes of Mr. Froude's "History of England."

The Paris correspondent of the *London Star* has the following gossip in relation to the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau:

"Few can now believe that Voltaire's remains are in the vaults of the Pantheon, his tomb having been found empty when it was, not many weeks ago, opened by order of the emperor. But it has been since discovered that Rousseau's tomb was also violated in 1814. The history of its violation, as well as that of Voltaire's, which took place at the same time, is given in a French imitation of 'Notes and Queries,' by M. Benjamin Duprat, librarian to the Institute, who quotes the bibliophile Jacob on this subject. Jacob, who was a man of undoubted veracity, declared, previous to the investigation in the vaults of the Pantheon to which I have referred, that neither Voltaire's nor Rousseau's bones were there, because, during the reign of the clerical reaction in 1814, they had been removed by night and thrown into a hole dug for the purpose of hiding them at Bercy."

"One night in the month of May of the same year the leaden coffins in which the remains of both writers had been placed were opened, and their contents thrown into a sack, which was conveyed to a *fiacre* drawn up at the back of the church. Six persons got into this vehicle, two of whom were Christian Brothers. At two in the morning they arrived at the Barrière de la Gare, opposite Bercy. There was then there a vast space of waste ground inclosed with planks. It had been originally intended for the site of a large *entrepôt de vins*. But this intention was never executed, and the ground in question, although belonging to the municipality, was invaded by the proprietors of *guinguettes* and *cabarets*."

"In the midst yawned, on the May morning of which I speak, a deep ditch freshly dug. Around it were assembled several persons who awaited the *fiacre* in which was the sack containing the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau. The six men who rifled the coffins got out of the *fiacre* as soon as it reached the ditch, in which there was a bed of quick lime, and threw the sack into it. They then filled it up, and trampled down triumphantly the clay, and congratulated each other on the loyal act and the Christian duty they had just accomplished. The priests who have since been enriched by the visitors to Voltaire's and Rousseau's tombs, may possibly have been in the secret of this outrage, quite worthy of the Inquisition."

The first day's sale of the effects of the late William Makepeace Thackeray consisted for the most part of his china and pictures. Of the former there were eighty-two lots, consisting of Dresden and Sèvres china, some of them remarkable for exquisiteness of design and color. Many of these brought very high prices—for instance, four dinner services realized the aggregate amount of £69 10s.; two Sèvres sauce-boats brought £9, and other articles proportionately high. The pictures, water-color drawings, and engravings, were only 25 in number. The first picture put up was by De Troye, painted in commemoration of the Peace of Utrecht. This picture, after considerable competition, was knocked down at £18. A portrait of a lady was sold for £7. An exquisite painting by Boucher, designed as a circular center-piece for a ceiling, subject "Two Cupids sporting," fetched £25 10s. A charming little picture, by J. F. Herring (1855), "A Partridge and Young in a Corn Field," realized £21. An elegant composition by Watteau, entitled "A Conversation Champêtre," was sold for £10 5s. A charming painting, by Van Loo, "The Portrait of a Lady," a work of great beauty and exquisite color and finish, after an eager competition, was knocked down at £25 10s. A picture, by J. Leslie, "A Roman Peasant Boy, with a water-bottle and dog at his side," fetched £20 10s. "A View on the North Eske," by G. Stanfield (1852), brought £16 15s. "A Sketch Portrait of the late Duke of Wellington," by J. Ward (1830), apparently unfinished, was sold for £8 15s. There were three pictures which attracted some attention, one by Beryn, "An Italian River Scene," with sheep and goats feeding, and a woman and child reclining at the foot of a tree, sold for £8 15s. "A View in the Low Countries," by E. Van der Velde, with an encampment of Spanish troops, general's staff, sold for £10; and one by J. Myles (1855), "A Girl," and painted in landscape, a beautifully finished painting, sold for £15 15s. The remaining pictures were not remarkable, viz., "Kenilworth Castle, with Cattle in a Stream," £4 15s.; "Interior of a Cottage, with Mother and Child," by D. W. Deane, £9 10s.; "A Sea Shore, with Peasant Boy and Girl with Children—Evening scene," by W. Collins, R.A., £21 10s.; "A View of Rotterdam, with a Man-of-war and Yachts under Sail, and Figures about to land from a Boat," by Stoick, £13 10s.; a modern Belgian, "An Interior, with Three Cavaliers and a Female Attendant," unnamed, £5 5s.; "A View on the Banks of the Thames," by A. Gilbert (an exquisite little picture) £8 15s.; "Portrait of a Gentleman," artist not named, £1 6s. There was a very fine specimen of Cuyp, "A Landscape with Peasants and Cattle crossing a Wooden Bridge, and Ducks beneath," which went for £4 6s. A picture by W. S. Rose, "The Lodge, Keppington Park, Seven Oaks," was knocked down at £7 5s. Of water-color drawings there were only three, first, "Colliers and Cobles off Whithy," by C. P. Knight (1855), £17; "Near Park Road, Clapham Park,"

by W. Bennett (1857), £10 10s.; "A Girl in a Green Dress and White Veil," by Egerton, £3 3s. The following were the principal articles of silver sold: A beautiful square salver, on feet, with border engraved with scrolls and masks by Hogarth; this fine work was warmly contested, and was knocked down to Mr. Kreiss at £2 10s. per ounce. A fine old tea-kettle, engraved with an eagle, Cupid, scrolls, and flowers, on stand, chased with festoons of flowers, and on lion's claw feet, £1 6s. 6d. per ounce (Smith). An oval inkstand, with chased claw feet, and engraved open work border; two glasses with silver tops, taper candlestick and extinguisher, inscribed, "To William M. Thackeray, from an Obligated Friend, Nov. 16, 1851," 27s. per ounce (Kreiss). A fine fluted punch bowl, with waved edge, chased with scroll and foliage, and with lion's-mask handles, inscribed, "From the Publishers of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis,' £2 3s. per ounce (Kreiss).

A weekly paper, modeled after the *Saturday Review* and the *Round Table*, and taking the name of the latter, is about to be started in Dublin. In size and shape it will resemble the *Round Table*, one of its proprietors having visited this country to procure materials and to perfect plans.

The annual prize of the Munich Royal Academy for the best sketch in clay—Penelope presenting the Bow of Ulysses to the Suitors—has been awarded to Theodore Mills, son of Clark Mills, of Washington. Young Mills has been a student in Munich for several years. He had about thirty competitors. It was the highest prize.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, March 23, 1864.

I HAVE been thinking how I could contrive to report for the *ROUND TABLE* a pleasant little history of the marriage of two persons whose union has, to their many lovers in England and America, seemed a symbol of music wedded to immortal verse. It was told to me by one whose relation to the literary career of both was almost paternal, and is one that may be properly retold, if I can do it without profaning noble names. Therefore let me call one of these Geraldine and the other Valence. Out on the hills just beyond London, in the direction of Croydon, where Dr. Johnson loved to walk, Thomas Carlyle was strolling some thirty years ago when he encountered a young, broad-browed, blue-eyed, and altogether handsome young man, with whom he entered into conversation. "When I left him," said Carlyle, "it was with the conviction that he was the most superior young man then about London, and one who had something to say." This was Valence; and not many years after this two or three strange and powerful poems appeared which justified the opinion of the great iconoclast. The minds to which those poems appealed were few, but they were of the first class, and their response was ardent. Meanwhile there returned from India, where he had been in her Majesty's service, a certain physician, who was known by those who became his neighbors only as a morose, unsocial, and irascible old man, whose slightest word was as the laws of the Medes and Persians to the few who belonged to his household. His family, indeed, consisted of himself and a daughter. This daughter—Geraldine—was singularly gifted, but had been an invalid from early childhood through a spinal disease. What little recuperative power her frame might have possessed had also been resisted by a deep and continued melancholy, resulting from the early death of an only brother by drowning, an accident with which her imagination in some way connected herself. So when Geraldine came to London it was to recline upon her lonely couch from day to day, with no prospect of ever rising from it, and with no companions but books. Her father, indeed, sternly prohibited the entrance of any one to the house. Years passed on thus, and the lady had become a scholar with her books; and, moreover, had sent out works which were stirring the hearts of men and women throughout the world with feelings which had slept for need of just such voices as were intrusted to her. But these echoes of awakened and thrilled hearts rarely reached the ears of the silent and secluded invalid. Amongst the many who were thrilled by the high strains of Geraldine was Valence, and he resolved that he would know this related soul. He remembered that he had once met a gentleman who was Geraldine's uncle, and to him he wrote to inquire if there were not some way in which he could obtain an introduction to her. This uncle was absent from home when the note from Valence arrived, but on his return a few days afterward he wrote in reply that an introduction to his niece was quite impossible—that she was guarded even from her relatives by a dragon. Meanwhile Valence had resolved to wait no longer for the uncle's reply, but go himself and ask for an interview. The servant who met him at the door had taken too much beer; he saw double, or at least he saw in Valence the double of the physician himself, and admitted him to the library, where the lady was reclining. She was astonished as by an apparition, but nevertheless a conversation ensued which opened the way to future visits. One day the father encountered the visitor in the hall, and immediately and with much anger commanded his daughter that she should, when he next came, decline to receive Valence in future. When Valence came again, Geraldine, without concealing her grief, told him what had occurred. Then the young man arose and asked her if she would follow him. From the sofa, Geraldine, who for so many years had never sat up once, arose and followed; the will had made the spine as strong as itself; the touch of the knight had broken the spell of disease, and with him she walked nearly a mile; thence they were driven to a church, and married. The next day the couch and the library were a pictureless frame; the London fog was a distant cloud; and, with brightening skies and favoring breezes, the two were hastening southward. Infoldd by love, breathed on by the gentle skies of Italy, Geraldine was born into a new and happy planet. At Florence she found at least the portal to the bower which in her childhood's dream she had found and lost, until one day she bade Valence farewell and entered its full glories. The other day I saw Valence strolling again where he strolled when a youth; now with white silken hair, but with a nobler beauty on his brow. By his side walked a fine, earnest boy, in whom Geraldine still remains to remind him of that

poem which together they lived, and which alone surpasses in beauty any that either of them have written.

The Beggar's Opera could, I believe, still bring crowded houses in London for sixty-three nights, as it did in 1727, when it made Gay famous, and when Messieurs the Mob were delighted and the nobility scandalized at seeing the charming Lavinia Fenton transferred from the boards where she had been the most lovely of Polly Peachums—the irresistible sixth wife of Macheath—to be the real and only wife of an earl. The other evening, passing by her Majesty's theater, Covent Garden, I saw that there was some "sensation." Upon inquiry, I learned that upon that evening the English Opera Troupe expired—but expired bravely with "The Beggar's Opera." It was but little after five o'clock of the afternoon, and yet the siege at the doors was beginning. I took my stand with the rest. By six o'clock the crowd reached fifty yards in every direction. At half-past, when the doors were opened, the rush was terrific. Women shrieked, bonnets and hats were squelched, and appeals shouted by the police which might as well have been made to the waters of Niagara. I was pleasantly borne along by three men and an old lady through the long corridors, and set down upon a comfortable front seat. The immense opera-house was packed very soon. And when Fra Diavolo had been hurried through, and the overture for the opera was struck, the enthusiasm burst forth in plaudits. And now I say to my reader: Let nothing ever induce you to forego witnessing the Beggar's Opera, if Fortune is ever kind enough to offer you the opportunity. It is much to gaze on the works of Hogarth at Kensington Museum; but it is a very inferior pleasure to that of seeing every old or rascally or ragged form that Hogarth's pencil ever preserved, coming out of his pictures, and living before one the same old life amidst which he saw them. Every scene is such a picture. Every song is vital; every dance historical, every joke blooms like a seed from a mummy, and shows the England of to-day to be substantially that of any number of centuries ago. It is delightful, too, to trace so many well-known songs to their fountains. It is not every one who dances the Lancers who knows that its chief theme was already a venerable ballad when Gay caught it up for his melody. And if any one wishes to act as a detective among modern composers of lyric music, he will be wise to listen to the old play which left out none of the musical fanna of its age. When Macheath, leader of the thieves, husband of six counted and other countless wives, and master of lying, finds a reprieve at the very foot of the gallows, I thought I saw a shade of sorrow pass over the visages of those present; and remembered the story of Lord Norbury, the Irish hanging-judge, who wept but once in his life, that being when Macheath was reprieved. I am satisfied that the majority would have preferred that the hanging should have gone on, to seeing even the handsome dance at the close.

After the play, Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison were presented with plate, in token of the appreciation of their friends. They have had a disastrous season, and incurred heavy losses. The Rev. Horace Roberts was in the chair on the stage, and made a pathetic speech. The English opera is dead here; nothing in these great and expensive opera-houses can succeed which does not have the patronage of the nobility, who think that anything not in Italian is *infra dig*. Even a German opera without Italian libretto would scarcely succeed.

Recently Lady Shelley went with her husband, Sir Percy Shelley (the only surviving son of the poet, who was born 1818, and lives at Christchurch), to Rome, to visit and decorate the poet's tomb. I have just had the pleasure of reading a private letter from Lady Shelley, in which she says that they found the tomb already beautifully decorated. On inquiring who had done it, she was told by the custodian of the Protestant cemetery in which the tomb is, that it had been done by a young man and two girls. She could not discover who they were, but, learning that they had said they would probably return to Rome, she remained sketching in the neighborhood for some length of time; but they did not return before she had to leave. The fact is that the grave of Shelley has long been kept beautifully decorated by the hands of those, unknown to the family, who have devoutly visited it—and no grave was ever more visited. Some of the visitors have indeed shown their Gothic extraction by plucking flowers and shrubs, a beautiful bay-tree, planted there by Miss Frances Power Cobbe two years ago, having been much injured; but there have been quite as many who have been less selfish in their reverence, and have left some plant or decoration, until the grave is now a chief ornament of the cemetery. It is inscribed with a part of Ariel's song:

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

I had a rare treat last Friday evening in listening to a lecture by the distinguished Professor Tyndall, at the Royal Institution, which he called "Contributions to Molecular Physics." Just before the lecturer appeared the Prince of Wales entered, attended by Prince Hohenlohe, singled out the prettiest lady in the room, who was doubtless a princess, and, having shaken hands with her, took the chair just in front of the lecture-desk, the audience standing during the procedure, as audiences have always to do in the presence of royalty. Professor Tyndall is a very plain, not to say homely man, with a brownish-pale face, a prominent straight and perhaps sharpish nose, a light-gray eye, moves and talks with uncomfortable rapidity, but great accuracy of expression and emphasis, and fairly sways to and fro under his enthusiasm for his subject. Plain and simple as the great physicist is (if we must still use the ugliest of words), I shall always think of him as the center of colors, electric lights, rainbows, and all manner of radiant things. He seemed to slide upon rainbows with the ease of Mercury, and he made his final bow to us amid as many sulphurous red lights as Faust. His most interesting experiment was when he brought music from a bit of platinum, I believe, set on fire with electricity, which, when he called to it in a certain key, began in the same key, and kept on, but could not be made to sing in any other. The company was much amused at the professor's calls to the platinum, and the young prince found it difficult to retain the majestic gravity. When the professor, who had several times addressed his Royal Highness familiarly during the lecture, had concluded, we all arose and remained motionless until the prince had shaken hands and complimented him (inaudibly) and withdrawn—it being against rules to leave a room from which Majesty is about to retire before him or her. I should perhaps say that the prince seemed to me at his entrance, and in his deportment before the very learned and venerable men by whom he was surrounded, to have shown marked good taste and entire modesty. He is much changed in his appearance since he visited America, and not much for the better. His underface is heavy, and in other respects he is of a hopelessly Brunswickian look. A year ago I saw that he was strongly inclined to resemble George III., and now he has certainly added to this singular reminiscence of George IV. Nevertheless, we may hope that, as Professor Tyndall can convert old rags into white sugar, circumstance may bring something good out of the Georges. At any rate, we have the authority of an oracle for saying that, for any weal or woe, the last king of England is dead.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"RUNAWAYS EYES."—This expression, as found in "Romeo and Juliet," iii. 2, has led to an infinite deal of ink-shedding. We propose to take note of the chiefest theories concerning it, and, if none shall be found satisfactory, we may propose an additional one.

The passage, spoken by Juliet, reads thus:

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaways eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked-of, and unseen!"

All explanations heretofore given of the passage may be divided into two classes: those according to which the text is correct, and the difficulty is purely in interpretation; and those which seek to show an error in a word of the text.

Of the first class we have many.

Warburton proposed that by "runaway" we should understand the setting sun. But this would make sunset a consequence of the night, not night a consequence of the sunset. Besides, the sun, in poetry, has (and is) but one eye; "the broad eye of heaven," as Spenser has it.

Next, this was modified: the sun was still the runaway, but the stars were his eyes. The first of the above objections still applies; besides, Juliet could not wish the night to come that the stars might not shine.

Douce understood Juliet to be the runaway. But she was at home, and did not intend to leave.

Another makes Cupid the runaway. But he is already blind. Just below, Juliet so states him to be; and, therefore, he need not sleep.

Steevens was driven into believing that night was the runaway. But Juliet wished night to come, not that it might sleep, if it be possible that night should sleep, but that it might actively hide Romeo.

Again, runaways, in the plural, are vagabond idlers, runagates, loafers. But Juliet, in her father's house, circled in by his garden, need not fear these. They could have no access to spy, day or night.

The seventh explanation requires us to understand the line as if the genitive noun were an adjective: "The runaway; that is, straying; that is, wandering, eyes," of any person. But she wished the eyes to sleep, and then they would not be wandering eyes.

Being, then, unable to explain the passage as the printers have given it us, let us examine the proposed changes.

Jackson, indorsed by Collier, Knight, and others, makes this offending word to be "unawares." This is lamentably flat, so far as even a semblance of sense is concerned; but on scrutiny it is so obscure that even the original is preferable. This theory is the worst of all; it therefore has the most supporters.

Collier's altered folio has "enemies." But Juliet felt no enmity. She was holding middle ground between the two houses.

Singer makes it "rude day's." But Shakespeare never wadded out his verse with so mean an adjective.

Mrs. Clarke challenges us in favor of "sunny day's." But Juliet wished night to displace, not sunshine alone, but all light. There is a redundancy of expression which limits the thought.

Again, we are told to read "sun-dazed." But whose eyes? friends' or foes'? And are they to be "sun-dazed" by starlight? Heath wished to substitute "Rumour." But Rumor is a talker, not a spy; she is "painted full of tongues;" and to complete the sense—or nonsense, whichever you please—we must go on, "That Rumour's tongues may wink," etc.

Monck Mason here comes bravely to the rescue. Knowing that Shakespeare would have been terribly ashamed of such a line, if he ever wrote it, he makes him hide it, and at the same time try to look learned, by turning "Rumour" into bad French; thus, "That Rumour's eyes may wink." The only comment possible here is furnished by Shakespeare himself: "He has been to a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

None, then, of the ordinary interpretations will suffice. Let us propose an extra-ordinary one.

We have seen that "runaways" is correct, because no other word can be substituted for it. Nothing else in the passage is disputable. Farther, it is plain that there is an error somewhere, notwithstanding this.

Now, was there a runaway? There was one, and only one. Romeo was expected to run away from his house to Juliet's chamber. But it is needless to say that she did not wish his eyes to sleep.

Having identified the runaway, let us conjecturally supply something which we may believe to have been lost.

"Spread thy close curtains, love-performing night!
That runaways like mine be not espied,
But that all eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked-of, and unseen!"

One word more. Romeo has been banished—has literally become a runaway from Verona; but Juliet does not yet know it. Now, throughout the play, presentiments are most skillfully brought in. Romeo has two; Friar Laurence has two; and if we allow Juliet to apply this term to Romeo with direct reference to his leaving his own home, but with an infelicitous spiritual foreboding and involuntary premonition of the great impending grief, she will also have two. But let the word apply to Romeo in any way, and some addition like the one we have proposed is absolutely necessary; and, if necessary, Shakespeare wrote it. There is a great deal of nonsense in the first folio, but Shakespeare wrote none.

We claim, then, that all efforts to explain the passage as it stands, or to change the word, have been failures; and that the theory, now first advanced, that parts of two lines have been lost, and that "runaway" refers to Romeo, is the only one on which we can understand the passage. The precise words, of course, we cannot hope to recover; and in all probability the ones we have conjecturally supplied will be disowned by every critic who may see them.

Our inquiry two weeks since relative to the chain at West Point has elicited the following account of it, written many years ago by Mr. Peter Townsend. The manuscript belongs to Mrs. John H. Austen, his only daughter, who has a portion of the chain at her residence on Staten Island, and by whose permission we copy the paper:

"Early in the autumn of 1777, Fort Montgomery was taken by the British. At this point there was an obstruction thrown over the Hudson River by a chain which was made at Ringwood, New Jersey. This chain was made from cold short iron of a small diameter, and the quality of the iron, as regards strength, very feeble. On the surrender of the fort, this chain was taken from its moorings, and put on board of some of the ships of war that were then ascending the Hudson, and terminated their journey at Esopus, now called Kingston, which place they burned.

"In the early part of the winter of 1778, it was determined by Congress, under the recommendation of General Washington and Governor George Clinton, of the state of New York, that the location now called West Point was the only site on the Hudson capable of being so fortified as to render the passage of the Hudson impassable; and the works and fortifications commanding this pass were made so formidable that the marine or fleets of no nation would attempt its passage. In order to carry out this project of fortifying West Point, it was determined in council that a chain should be immediately made, of the very best iron the country afforded; that the diameter of the links of this chain should be double of that which was used at Fort Montgomery.

"On about the first day of March, 1778, the Honorable Timothy Pickering, who at this period was one of the most efficient, persevering, and able men the country could boast of, was appointed to procure the making of a chain, for the purpose of laying over the Hudson at West Point, which would be competent to resist any force that might be brought against it. Under the instructions, Colonel Pickering waited on Mr. Peter Townsend, then living at Chester, in Orange county, and owner of the Sterling Iron Works, for the purpose of obtaining from him his aid and influence in forging, making, and delivering this celebrated chain at West Point. Mr. Townsend, being a whig of the Revolutionary war, entered warmly into the views of Col. Pickering. Such was the ardor of the whigs of these days that Colonel Pickering and Mr. Townsend left Chester, in a severe storm, at twelve o'clock on a Saturday night, rode to the Sterling Iron Works, a distance of fourteen miles, and on Sunday morning, at daylight, Mr. Townsend had all his forges and his patriotic workmen engaged in the important work. From the commencement of the making of this chain to its completion, the work was prosecuted day and night and every day to its completion. This chain was transported from the works where it was made, in sections, to the Hudson as fast as completed, and in six weeks from its commencement this chain was completed.

"This chain, which has been the subject of much conversation and interest from the first day of its beginning to this time, weighed, when completed, upward of one hundred and forty tons. It was made from pure Sterling pig iron by good forgesmen, and the quality of the iron and the perfection of the work bestowed on this chain will never hereafter be surpassed. There was no part of this celebrated chain made by any other person than Mr. Townsend, nor from any other iron than Sterling pig iron, nor at any other place than the Sterling Iron Works, owned by the said Townsend."

THE ULSTER COUNTY HUGUENOTS.—They were a portion of the fifty thousand who fled from France. The Edict of Nantes (issued by Henry IV. in 1598, revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685) did not afford them the safety it proposed. Those who came and settled in the valley of the Walkill, and on the streams which empty into it, were Andri Lefebvre, Liman Lefebvre, Abraham Hasbrouck (the progenitor of the gentleman who built the Hasbrouck House in Newburg, in 1750, in which Washington had his headquarters in the Revolution), Christian Deyo, Jean Hasbrouck (ancestor of William C. Hasbrouck, Esq., formerly Speaker of the Legislature of New York), Antoine Crispell, Isaac Dubois (ancestor of the late Gen. Nathaniel Dubois, of Orange Co.), Pierre Deyo (ancestor of Judge Deyo), Abraham Dubois, Christian Deyo, Lewis Dubois, and Lewis Bevier. There may have been others, but, if so, their names have not been preserved.

This term of "Huguenot" was first given in France to the Protestants or Evangelists as a term of derision as early as 1560. The term may have had its origin from the East Gate in the city of Tauris, which was known in the province as the old gate of Fourgon, as a corruption from *Jeu Hugon*, that is, "the late Hugon." Hugon was a count of Tauris. This is the belief of some writers. Several authors have supposed that the name was applied from the well-known fact that this sect met on the Sabbath for worship in the underground vaults, the entrance to which was close (outside the walls) to the Gate of Hugon. Some writers have imputed the designation to the fact that the Huguenots were unanimous in sustaining the line of Hugh Capet to the throne. The strongest probability is that it had its origin from the early French pronunciation of the old Saxon word "Edignozzen," which signifies *confederates*. These confederates were called *Eignots*, whence comes the word *Huguenots*.

THE TOWNS of New Windsor and Newburg, in this state, previous to 1763 were consolidated, and were known as the "Precinct of the Highlands." In that year, by an act of the governor, council, and general assembly of the Province, the Precinct was divided into the two present towns. The Newburg Patent bears date as early as 1719, but we think it is clear that the Palatines were there for at least eleven years before. The letter of the secretary of state of Queen Ann promised the Patent (Lord Lovelace being their governor), but it was not issued until Col. Peter Schuyler became president of the council in or about 1819 or 1820. The reason of the delay was probably the offer of a larger consideration, which was not received.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN BRADY.—General McClellan, and the Army of the Potomac, by General John Brady, of the Spanish Army.

WILLIAM V. SPENCER.—England's Liability for Indemnity: Remarks on the Letter of "Historicus," printed in the London Times, Nov. 7, 1863, by Charles G. Loring.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS.—The Forty Days after our Lord's Resurrection, by Rev. William Hanna, LL.D.: The Cedar Christian, and other Practical Papers and Personal Sketches, by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

CHARLES SCRIBNER.—Work and Play, or Literary Varieties, by Horace Bushnell; The School-Girl's Garland, a selection of poetry, by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland; D. APPLETON & Co.—Illustrations of Universal Progress, a Series of Discussions, by Herbert Spencer; Hints to Riflemen, by H. W. S. Cleveland.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.—"Babble Brook" Songs, by J. H. McNaughtan.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.—School Economy, by James P. Wickersham.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.—The Influence of the Bible in Improving the Understanding and Moral Character, by John Matthews, D.D.: Letters to the Young, by Maria Jane Jernsbury.

J. W. DAWGARD.—Beyond the Lines, or a Yankee Prisoner loose in Dixie, by Capt. I. L. Geer; Daring and Suffering, a History of the great Railroad Adventure, by Lieut. Wm. Pittenger.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.—National Almanac and Annual Record for 1864; Constitutional Text-Book, by Furman Sheppard.

MORRIS, EDWARDS & HODGE.—Gold Currency and Funded Debt: a letter to the Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, M. C. of Committee of Ways and Means, by J. H. Wainwright.

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mand 33,875 00

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Items 19,030 00

" Due for Fire Premiums on

Policies issued at Office 10,488 07

" Due for Marine Premiums on

Policies issued at Office 9,981 27

" Bills receivable for Premiums

on Marine Risks 78,876 35

Interest Due and Accrued, but not

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ASSETS.

Cash, Balance in Bank \$875,680 45

Bonds and Mortgages, being

first lien on Real Estate, 831,672 50

Loans on Stocks, payable on de-

mand 376,012 50

United States Stocks (market

value) 673,588 52

State and Municipal Stocks and

Bonds (market value) 190,159 00

Bank Stocks (market value) 111,800 00

Real Estate 65,000 00

Interest due on 1st January, 1864, 17,896 21

Balance in hands of Agents, and

in course of transmission from

Agents on 1st January, 1864, 72,348 96

Bills Receivable (for premiums

on Inland Risks) 24,773 90

Government Stamps on hand 96 62

Other Property, Miscellaneous

Items 44,117 87

Premiums due and uncollected

on Policies issued at Office 3,123 80

Total \$3,286,270 33

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Claims for Losses Outstanding on

1st January, 1864 \$74,953 32

Due Stockholders on account 18th

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THE WORKING FARMER for September contains much of interest to farmers and gardeners. Prof. Mapes gives this paper a standing with those who desire agricultural information.—Fishkill Journal.

THE WORKING FARMER.—This is the title of a valuable agricultural paper, published monthly by Wm. L. Allison, New York city. The sixteenth volume commenced on the 1st of January. Its past success is sufficient guarantee that it is appreciated by the agricultural community. It is certainly a valuable acquisition to every farmer's household both for the information it contains concerning agricultural pursuits, and for its excellent miscellaneous reading.—Perryburg (Ohio) Journal.

THE WORKING FARMER, a large monthly journal of 32 pages, quarto, is just received. In perusing its columns we are willing to avow that its title is justly significant.—Manufacturers' Journal, N. Y.

THE WORKING FARMER.—This is a valuable periodical for the cultivator of the soil, and should be in the house of every Colorado farmer.—Weekly Commonwealth, Denver city, Colorado Territory.

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